Chas M Hovey

MASSACHUSETTS PLOUGHMAN

DEVOTED TO AGRICULTURE, HORTICULTURE, THE FARM, THE GARDEN,

AND NEW ENGLAND JOURNAL OF AGRICULTURE.

THE FIRESIDE, RURAL LIFE, LITERATURE, USEFUL ARTS, NEWS, &c.

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Editorial.

PLOUGHING.

Deep or Shallow, Which?

Twenty-five years ago a large majority of the farmers of New England believed deep ploughing to be the best for all soils, and all crops, but since that time many have changed their opinion. To-day but few will advocate deep ploughing without some qualification. Experience has proved that what is best for one soil, or crop, may not be best for another soil, or for a different crop; in fact it is found that ploughing, like other occupations on the farm, cannot, with any surity of success, be brought under any rigid rules, but that each lot of land and each crop must be considered by itself; that the depth which it is best to plough must depend mainly on the character of the soil and the nature of the crop to be grown; for example, if the soil is a very sandy loam, and the crop to be grown be Indian corn, it should not be ploughed so deep as if the land be a heavy loam and the crop be carrots or parsnips. It is a mistake to suppose that because one kind of a soil, or crop, does better by deep ploughing that all soils and crops do. A soil that is rich and full of partially decayed vegetation to the depth of ten or twelve inches is no doubt improved by deep ploughing, for some crops, but a poor soil that is deficient in partially decayed vegetation, except a few inches of the surface, would be greatly injured the first year by deep ploughing. This has been thoroughly demonstrated by a large number of experiments, but because this is so, deep ploughing ought not to be condemned, nor should farmers who own farms with a deep rich soil insist that deep ploughing is the best for all farms, because they find it best for theirs.

Nature has placed the richest portion of the soil very near the surface, and she has constructed plants with their feeding roots very near the surface also, that they might be where the soil is in the best condition to feed them. When man attempts to overcome these natural conditions he soon finds it can only be done at a great cost, if at all. Nature does not object to having the soil made rich to a much greater depth than it is usually found in its natural state, but when man reverses the natural conditions by changing the four inches of rich surface soil and placing it at the bottom of a furrow eight inches in depth, and at the same time covers it with four inches of the poor soil which nature has placed beneath the four inches of the rich soil, she rebels and refuses to produce so good crops as when only four inches of the richest soil is reversed.

While most of crops grow best when the soil is made light and loose eight inches deep, it is not so important that the lower half of this eight inches should be very rich, as it is that the upper half should, such being the case it will readily be seen that when a soil is rich only a few inches on the top, if this be changed to the bottom of a deep furrow, and replaced with poor soil, it will be difficult if not impossible to make the poor soil thus brought to the surface as rich as the natural soil which has been covered so deep that but few plant roots, that are particularly adapted for feeding roots can reach it.

In deciding what depth to plough land it is important to know how deep the soil has been enriched, so as not to go much below it. In deepening a soil it is best to do it very gradually, not more than one inch each year; even when this is done it will require a larger quantity of manure than if ploughed only the usual depth.

Unfortunately our ploughs are not constructed on a plan to imitate nature, but exactly contrary to nature. If we had a plough that would stir and pulverize the soil, and at the same time keep it the same side up, there would be but very little, if any, objection to deep stirring of the soil; then the rich soil would be kept near the surface, and the fertilizers applied would be mingled with it, and thus make the most desirable condition for rapid plant growth. We trust that the time will come when we shall have an implement that will thoroughly stir the soil and leave it the same side up, and at the same time mingle the manure with four inches of the surface soil; until we have such implements we should be cautious how we plough the land much below the rich soil.

On land of ordinary richness a crop of Indian corn will grow better with the same care and manure, if it be ploughed only four or five inches deep, than if ploughed eight or ten inches deep. What is true of corn is true of rye and similar crops; but if it is desired to grow carrots, or horse radish, or any deep rooted crops, it is important that the land should be ploughed deeper, and for such crops it is also important that the land should be prepared by gradually deepening the soil until it has been well enriched to the depth of eight or ten inches; when this is done deep ploughing may be resorted to with advantage; but to attempt to prepare a shallow soil in a single year cannot be done without the application of very large quantities of manure; and even then it would be difficult, if not impossible, to mingle the manure with the soil and make it so well adapted to plant growth, as if the deepening had been done gradually, covering a period of several years of time.

By carefully examining the subject, it will be readily seen that as long as we use ploughs that turn the soil over, we shall have to consider the condition of our land, and make ourselves acquainted with the depth of the rich portion of the soil, before we decide what depth to plough. The question as to the proper depth of ploughing land should be left for each farmer to decide for himself; let him first make himself familiar with the principles that he ought to be governed by; then he will be better able to decide this important question far better than the most skillful cultivator who knows nothing of the soil that is to be ploughed. The sooner that the farmer understands that he has got to think for himself, the better it will be for him.

Questions & Answers.

☞ All questions to the Editor, desiring answers through the *Ploughman*, should be accompanied by full name of the correspondent.

TO TEACH A COLT TO BACK.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

I have a four year old colt and would like to ask through the columns of the *Ploughman* the best way to teach him to back?

Yours, G. H. F.

Glouce ter, March 20, 1883.

The control and management of horses is only by the bit. It is that piece of steel against the sensitive gums and lips that makes man the master of the powerful, wilful nervous equine organization.

The meaning of language may be taught in a limited way, but only in connection with the bit. It is comparatively easy to teach the colt to advance upon the loose rein and to stop at the sound of "whoa," that sound being simultaneously accompanied with a sharp pull upon the bit—but backing is another process, less natural to the animal, and requires patience and gentleness on the part of the trainer. The first lesson in backing should be given without any load behind the colt. Stand directly in front of him, take hold of each rein and gently press the bit against his mouth, using the simple word "back" in a clear voice, not too loud. He will naturally step backward. Show him your approbation of this by patting and "gentling" him. Repeat the lesson, but do not tire him. Do this on several occasions until he associates the sound of the word with the motion; then try him with the wagon behind him, and finally from your seat in the wagon. Do not expect to do it in *one day*, have patience and do not "holler" and fret.—[ED.

MEAL FOR FEEDING PURPOSE.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Will you please answer through the columns of the *Ploughman* the following question: Grain dealers offer for sale a kind of meal which they state to be composed entirely of the chit of the corn. Now is this meal considered as good for feeding purpose as meal ground from the whole kernel? W. A. A.

Holyoke, Mass., March 24, 1883.

The chit of corn is the life principle of the grain, composed of the finer elements of the organic substance, and there can be no question but that of itself it would contain the best and most nutritious portions of the grain. But this could only be obtained in quantity except by some chemical action on the grain, in the manufacture of other products, possibly hulled corn by which the chit of the grain is extracted by the action of potash and swelling of the kernels of corn. Now just how much of any of the nutritive value is affected by this process is not fully tested, but probably not to any considerable amount. We think that it would be safe to give it a trial at least.—[ED.

END OF PIGEON-SHOOTING.

There are to be no more tournaments of doves, says the London World, and the acceptance by the House of Commons of the second reading of the measure embodying this decree marks the beginning of a movement which will prove to be what is called epoch-making in English civilization. All the evidence was in one direction; no one seriously attempted to controvert or palliate the facts. What will most surprise those who read the discussion some years hence is that such a sport could have remained so long a recognized institution. The whole thing went by the board. It had but to be investigated and attacked, and it was seen how mean, monstrous, and rotten it was.

Pigeon shooting, whether among the high or low, West End or the pothouse marksmen, is mainly resorted to as an opportunity for gambling, and the frauds associated with it result in the infliction of the most odious atrocities upon the bird. The trapper treats each pigeon according as he wants it to be an easy or a difficult shot. If the former, he squeezes the fragile frame; work on the bird can scarcely fly; if the latter, he peppers the wounds, so that it rises wildly in an agony of pain when the trap is drawn.

These inhumanities, it must be remembered, are not the hateful accidents of the sport, but an essential part of its system. The gorging out of eyes, the torturing of quivering bodies by pins, the pulling out of feathers with the flesh sticking to them, are horrors inseparable from the pastime.

Such was the unanswered or unchallenged indictment brought against the chosen sport of Hurlingham. Even those who opposed the bill condemned pigeon-shooting, and those who did not condemn pigeon-shooting, professed themselves scandalized with the horrors imputed to it by Mr. Anderson, but never denied their existence, merely saying that they were not personally cognizant of them, or expressing a faint hope that they were not universal in practice. All the tendencies of legitimate sport in the present are manly. The impulse which takes our sportsmen far away to the wild West, to the Caucasus, or to Cashmere, which makes them increasingly anxious to put themselves against veritable *ferœ naturæ*, is worthy of admiration and encouragement on every ground. Pigeon shooting must, therefore, be regarded, not only as an abomination, but as an anachronism. That the prohibition by law indicates a great change in our attitude toward the brute creation is undoubted; but that it portends the putting down of genuine sport is improbable.

CREAMERY BUTTER.

[Farm and Home.]

The reason why creamery butter is better than the ordinary farm or dairy article, is that at the factory there is enough to do to keep one or more persons employed all the time, and they are always on hand to perform each operation at the right time. They always control the temperature, and every operation can be done most advantageously. One reason why family butter cannot be made as good as that at the factory or dairy is that there is not enough milk together. With one or two cows two or three days must elapse between the churnings, and in hot weather the cream cannot, under ordinary circumstances, be kept good for this length of time, and if cream is allowed to become over-ripe, the butter cannot have a good flavor.

Questions & Answers

FERTILIZER FOR CORN OR POTATOES.

Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

Would a fertilizer in your opinion, compounded according to the inclosed formula, be a good article for one to use on land on which to plant corn or potatoes? If not good please state what should be added or subtracted to make it good. By answering the above to the best of your ability either privately or through the columns of the *Ploughman*, (which I like), the present or at least the coming week, you will confer a favor on Yours truly, A. G.

W. Falmouth, Me., March 21, 1883.

This question like many others relating to home made and other fertilizers, cannot be answered in a single paragraph, because there are many surrounding circumstances that must be considered; some of these are, the character and condition of the soil; the desire of the farmer as to increasing or diminishing the fertility of the soil, and the crops that are to follow, as well as what are to be grown the year the fertilizer is applied.

The formula referred to, is as follows: "Take two hundred pounds of bone meal, sift through a fine seive, so as to save one hundred pounds of the finest; put the coarse part of it into a tub or box, and wet with water until it is moist; it will take three or our pailfulls; then slowly add two gallons of sulphuric acid, which weighs at least fourteen pounds to the gallon. Stir continually; it will foam and boil. Let it stand twelve hours then add another gallon of acid as before, and while hot, so the lumps will break easily, add the other hundred pounds of meal. This will then weigh about three hundred and fifty pounds; add to it immediately one thousand six hundred and fifty pounds of dry loam, wood dirt, muck, or, if these are not convenient to get you may add sand, though the wood dirt or muck is the best. This, of course, has been previously pulverized and sifted. Should you choose, put all together, mix perfectly, and you have a ton, at a cost of eight dollars."

That this mixture makes an excellent fertilizer there can be no doubt, but that it is the best for all crops there may be a question, especially if there is a desire to improve the condition of the land; for example, suppose it is desired to grow a crop of potatoes and then seed down to grass, it would be important not only to apply a fertilizer especially adapted to the growth of the potato, but also of a character to leave some in the soil for the future crops of grass. By dissolving the bone with sulphuric acid it is made soluble in water, and therefore available for plant food at once; thus it is made to appear that the sulphuric acid adds largely to the fertilising qualities of the compound, but the said of itself contains but small quantities of plant food. The principal advantage of this mixture is, that it so changes the character of the bone, that the plants can at once get all of the fertilising materials out of it. While the bone meal is applied in an unmixed state will change to plant food slowly, a portion of it remaining in the ground several years before it becomes soluble in water. For some crops, and under some circumstances, this is not desirable, while for many crops, and under many circumstances, it is better to have a fertilizer of a character that will gradually change to plant food. If a fertilizer can be applied to the land when being seeded down to grass, that will remain in the grass several years, gradually imparting its fertilizing qualities to the crop, it is more economy to use it than it would be to purchase sulphuric acid and expend the labor to mix it with a material ten times the weight of the bons to be cut, without adding to its fertilizing qualities. The gain in time would not balance the cost of labor and material.

The above formula would make an excellent fertilizer to apply in connection with barn manure, but if applied alone for a crop of potatoes, it would, in our opinion, not be as good as a mixture as one that could be made with much less labor. For example, take two hundred pounds of bone meal and one hundred pounds of wood ashes, mix as follows: first, a layer three inches thick of fine loam, or fine, dry muck; on this spread a layer of bone meal an inch thick; with a watering pot wet the bone quite wet, cover the bone with half the quantity of wood ashes, water the same as the bone, cover this with loam, or dry muck one inch thick, then a layer of bone and ashes as before, continuing until all is mixed, covering the whole with at least three inches of dry muck. In about one week it should be well mixed together, and is used at once.

A mixture like this will be found to be good for almost any crop; it is less labor to prepare it than with acid, and the money expended for ashes will secure more plant food for a dollar than if expended for the purchase of sulphuric acid. In fact while the ashes and bone make a complete fertilizer, the acid and bone will not. We would not, however, recommend the use of any concentrated fertilizer alone except in those portions of the farm where it is difficult to haul barn manure. To use commercial fertilizers to the best advantage requires some knowledge of chemical compounds, as well as the particular wants of plants, and their methods of supplying them. The time has come when farmers, if they would work to the best advantage, must give more attention to the elements of plant food. When only barn manure was used, this was not so important, but now when we can buy phosphate, potash or nitrogen, separate, or nearly so, it is absolutely necessary that we should understand, as nearly as possible, what proportion of each is required for each particular crop, or we shall be very likely to make some expensive mistakes.

While most of soils will produce very good crops one or two years with a fertilizer that is composed principally of phosphate, it must be evident to every intelligent mind that it would be better to add to such fertilizer some material rich in potash. In the use of all concentrated fertilizers we ought to know what proportion is available at once for plant food, or we cannot decide with any accuracy, the first year, its comparative value with other fertilizers. For example, bone meal reduced with acid, would, the first year, appear twice as strong as raw bone meal, but the latter, the second and third year, would appear to be twice as strong as the former.—[ED.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

GOOD BUTTER WITHOUT A CREAMERY.

BY MRS. H. A. DICKINSON.

Doubtless all observing dairymen who have followed the custom of setting milk in shallow pans, have noticed the rapidity with which cream rises in a warm, dry room, and if a current of air passes over the surface, how quickly it thickens and hardens. Such cream, too, requires but little time in churning, and produces butter of a superior quality—other considerations being what they should. Now, I would not undervalue the many useful creameries which claim the attention of the progressive dairymen—but I know there are many small farmers scattered through our rural towns to whom the expense of creameries, with the many other agricultural implements needed on a farm, is not admissible. To such I would say, the finest quality of butter may be made with no creamery at all. If you have dairy-room or pantry with one or more windows on the north side of the house (perhaps the east might answer if shaded) then cut one or more on the opposite side, even though they communicate with some other room. A draft of air is very necessary in a warm day—keeping the milk perfectly sweet—while pans in the same room outside of the current would be sour. Twenty-four hours will be sufficient to raise every particle of cream in a warm day. Of course great care should be taken to preserve cleanliness. Cream should be churned in two or three days, unless it can be kept in a very cool place, when the weekly churning may be found sufficient. See to it that cream is put in the refrigerator the night before churning, if it is not kept there, and by all means wash the butter with good, cool water. Two or three washings will remove nearly all the buttermilk, and if the salt is worked in by the churn it will not require more than half the labor usually bestowed upon it.

The old maxim that "whatever is worth doing is worth doing well," is eminently true of dairying. But after all the care and trouble that may be taken with the dairy, the results will be very unsatisfactory if the herd are a poor inferior breed. But a word of encouragement. Let the poor farmer do his best with his rough or worn out fields and poor stock, and improve here and there as opportunity offers, and a few years will bring satisfactory rewards.

Harvard, Mass.

"TWO CROPS A YEAR."

To the Editor Massachusetts Ploughman:

In the *Ploughman* of March 10, I read your leader, "Two Crops a Year," and was really astonished. In 1838, it was impressed on me the East was the source of Light; possibly yourself, and certainly some of your friends had the same lesson taught, yet you say "fifty or twenty-five years ago most of farmers were satisfied if they could get one good crop from a piece of land in a year, but to-day few successful farmers are satisfied unless they get at least two crops a year." Why, dear sir, in this land, not fifty years since, the Indian owned most of the land, some of us were *fifty years ago* where in the mighty East "*successful farmers*" are now.

I certainly sowed oats on cotton land, after cotton crop was "laid by," grazed all winter and ploughed in for spring crop, or left for grain after, say March 15. I have cut oats, say 15th of June, ploughed and sowed peas—one year took a premium for largest yield of peas—30 bushels, after oats. I have sowed rye on corn land before crop was gathered, fed off in the winter. I have had fair corn, planted in middle of the rows of the corn field, the grain from the crop on land not housed—two crops.

I have sown Texas grass, *Muxquet*, in the cotton field; after cotton was housed it was fed off until places bedded up—leaving a *baulk*, say 6 or 8 inches in middle, for the grass to ripen on it, crop cultivated until seed ripe, ploughed out and thus reseeded.

I have made sweet potatoes, two picked up as I passed by hands when gathering, that weighed 1 lb. 15 oz. and 2 lbs. Oats cut and harvested 15th to 20th of June. I have known corn planted the 6th July (*we lay by* from 15th to 20th of June), and a fair yield. Have taken two crops of red clover; scores now cut, say two tons Bermuda grass twice a summer. True, too true, since 1860 most of farmers here do not get even the half of a *good crop*, but they are "*Wards*," and need the guardian to direct—to *make* them work. Yours truly,

M. W. PHILLIPS.

Clinton, Miss.

THE MILKMEN'S WAR.

WHY PRICES ARE SO HIGH IN THE CITY.

The farmers in Orange county, N. Y., and adjacent regions, send their milk to New York by railroad, selling it to dealers here, who distribute it to their customers. An extraordinary controversy has been lately going on between the farmers and the dealers. The farmers very justly demand three and a half cents a quart for their milk. The dealers refuse to pay more than three cents. The farmers then combined, and most of them agreed not to send their milk to New York at the prices offered. Up to this point the farmers are in the right, having justice, law, common-sense and expediency on their side. They have also the sympathy of the milk consumers. We pay eight and ten cents a quart for milk. The dealers, who pay three and a half cents for it, make one and two hundred per cent. profit. They charge us more for sending the milk to us from the railroad than the farmer gets for all the labor and cost of its production and transportation to market.

But the farmers were not all of one mind about the matter. Some wanted to send their milk down and get what they could for it. This right was resisted, and the milk brought to railroad stations to be transported to New York was illegally and by violence seized and poured out upon the ground.

The proceedings are thus described. It was voted that all milk shipments be stopped, and that the stoppage be continued until the question is settled. After the meeting had adjourned a crowd of three or four hundred farmers gathered around the depot, where the Spilling Committee were pouring the milk into the gutter as fast as it arrived. Every can that reached the platform of the milk station was dumped, until 3,000 quarts had been spilled. The crowd of farmers loudly cheered the work of the Spilling Committee. At Washingtonville, Otterkill, and Chester, similar work was done by the Spilling Committee, and no milk was shipped.

This was wicked. It was a violent seizure of the property of others and a wanton destruction of God's blessed provision for the wants of his creatures. It is just at this point that strikes and combinations almost invariably lose their moral weight. Every man may do what he will with his own. But he must let his neighbor enjoy the same privilege that he claims for himself. It is no excuse to say that the strike will fail if we let those work who want to. All must quit, if any, or no good will come of it. Well, let farmers and painters and machinists and bricklayers and all others remember it is *never right to do wrong*. What is yours is your own, and no one has a right to disturb you in its use.

Now about this milk contest. Long before these lines are printed the struggle will be over. But the lesson will remain. And we would hope that one result will be the establishment of a more direct communication between the producer and the consumer. It is not impossible for the farmers, who have proved their ability, to combine in the establishment of agencies in the city, to which their milk shall be consigned for distribution, and the profits divided *pro rata* between the farmers and the agents. It is very easy to see that in this way the farmers would be able to get four cents a quart when milk retails at eight cents.

And such is the high price of provisions in the city, and so great are the exactions of middlemen, that we must take measures to bring the productions of the country more directly to our doors. Every hand that touches a keg of butter or a barrel of apples takes toll of it, and it is added to the price which the consumer pays for it. By reason of these needless exactions, citizens pay one-third and often one-half more than they ought for nearly every article of food that comes from the surrounding country. The remedy is in the hands of the producer, if he is unsatisfied with the price the New York dealer pays him for his productions.—[N. Y. Observer.

Stock Department.

VALUABLE RECIPES.

[United States Veterinary Journal.]

CURE FOR HEAVES.—Asafœtida pulverized, 1 ounce; camphor gum, pulverized, 1-2 ounce; mix and divide into four powders; feed one every other night for a week.

DRY ROT.—The best remedy for this trouble is to keep the animal standing on a clean floor and occasionally remove all decayed horn, using great care not to injure the vital parts of the foot. Frequent applications of tar will then be all that is required.

MANGE ITCH.—After a vigorous scrubbing with a coarse brush, wash the horse well with castile soap and soft water, and dry carefully. As soon as thoroughly dried apply an ointment made of 4 ounces of sulphur, 10 ounces of lard, and 1-2 ounce carbolic acid, well mixed.

HARDENING OF THE SKIN.—Frequently results from pressure of the harness and from cutting the integuments and sub-cellular tissues with the calks of the shoes. Make a mixture of 1 ounce of acetic acid, 1 ounce of pulverized cantharides and 5 ounces of water. After allowing the mixture to stand two weeks, filter it through linin, add one ounce spirits of wine and apply with a sponge.

LOP HORNS.—If the horn lops, put a brass knob on the end of the horn which is bruised, and a pulley above the head and one over the back of the calf; put a cord through both pulleys and fasten to the horn, a weight of three or four pounds on the back end of the cord, according to the size of the animal. Oil the horn near the end, which will soften it, and keep it on. In a little while he will have it where he wants it. After the horn is straight, there will be a ridge left; take a rasp, file it down and sand paper it afterward.

JAUNDICE.—This disease is due to indigestion, obstruction of the bile duct, obstruction of the bowels hindering the proper discharge of bile, and an undue secretion of the bile in cases of congestion of the liver. The symptoms are a general yellowish discoloration of all the visible mucous membranes, the skin, urine and tissues. If the bile duct is obstructed, the off-dung will be clay colored and feted. There is no general rule of treatment, but the following prescription is a good remedy for a torpid liver, general dullness and biliousness: Mandrake, 2 oz.; Glauber Salts, 1 lb.; Common Salt, 1 lb.; Essence of Ginger, 1 oz.; Water, 1 gallon. Mix and give 1 pint three times daily until a free purgation is produced; to be followed up with one oz. Podophyllin daily.

BONY TUMOR OF THE LOWER JAW.—A tight curb-chain with a curb-bit of different lever power to enable the driver to cause pain and injury by jerking violently on the rein, not unfrequently causes a bruised jawbone. The bone soon enlarges, and, as the injured portion must soften, and the existence of the unnatural substance under the flesh and tendons creates an ulcer, unless preventive steps are immediately taken. The constant effort of nature to heal the sore, however, is generally partially successful, thus preventing the escape of scales, and an unnatural bony structure forms before the bony tumor is healed. To prevent this, open with a knife as soon as the bone is found to be injured, and use an elastic syringe and warm water occasionally (thus keeping the wound open) until the discharge smells offensively. Then syringe with the following several times a day: Chloride of Zinc, one scruple; Essence of Anise Seed, four drachms; water, one pint. After the removal of the fungus flesh with a sharp knife, and burn with Nitrate Silver. When the case has developed a bony structure, it is a delicate operation and should only be attempted by a veterinary surgeon.

☞ Shoulder lameness, as a rule, gets worse with work, as the weaker muscles tire. Foot lameness often improves with exercise. In resting for foot lameness the foot is advanced straight ahead, with the leg unbent. Shoulder pain is more apt to be relieved by the foot being placed outward and perhaps forward, or by flexure of muscle, so that the foot rests on the toe.

☞ Professor Henry says: I would urge that our farmers feed more oats to young stock, colts as well as calves. There is no food easily attainable that will so well correct acidity of the stomach and keep the whole system in good order. To those who wish to raise calves on very little milk, I would say, use oats and oil meal freely, and by studying the wants of the calves you will be able to raise fine animals on a small allowance of milk.

GRADE JERSEYS.

In breeding grade Jerseys, a pure-bred Jersey bull is used upon common cows. Now, if this Jersey bull is from a large butter-yielding dam, grandam, great grandam, etc., his grade Jersey heifer calves will be likely to be a great improvement on their dams, even if these are considered good butter yielding, common cows. The writer of this has bred ten such grade Jersey heifers, and found their average product of butter to be 1 pound of butter from 16 1-2 pounds of milk, while the average of the dams was 25 pounds of milk to 1 pound of butter. Here was a gain of 34 per cent. on the first cross. And we found these grade heifers much more uniform than we expected. They ranged from 14 1-2 pounds to 18 1-4 pounds of milk to 1 of butter.—[National Live-Stock Journal, Chicago.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman

WILD FLOWERS OF THE POETS.

NO. I.

BY W. S. HARRIS.

The poets have always been among the best friends of the flowers, and through the medium of poetry, which emphasized and brought into notice their beauties, many of our wild flowers have been made immortal. Many of the poets' favorite blossoms are those modest and retiring kinds whose beauty would pass unnoticed if not searched out by loving hands.

Oliver Wendell Holmes says:—"Do you ever wonder why poets talk so much about flowers? Did you ever hear of a poet who did not talk about them? Don't you think a poem, which for the sake of being original should leave them out, would be like those verses where the little *a* or *e* or some other is omitted? No, they will bloom over and over again in poems, as in the sunny fields, to the end of time, always old and always new."

In this series of articles I propose to describe some of the wild flowers of New England, noticing more particularly those which have become favorites with the poets, and have been written and sung about, and so have been made immortal and have become known and loved by many who otherwise might scarcely have given them a thought.

The first harbingers or heralds of the approaching spring are the

PUSSY-WILLOWS.

These are not strictly "wild flowers," and they are scarcely mentioned by the poets, yet an account of the spring flowers of New England should commence with the pussy-willows—the forerunners of the long train of floral treasures which adorn the woods and fields during the later months.

They are the opening silky buds of the bush willow (*salix humilis.*) The shrub grows from four to eight feet high and is abundant along the roadsides and borders of woodlands. Early in March, even while the sleigh-bells jingle over the snow-covered hills, an occasional warm day gives promise of approaching spring and makes the little white pussies peep forth from the black scaly covering where they have been hidden during the winter.

The pussy-willows are not flowers, but buds, rudimentary flower clusters, and the silk, so white and soft, is for protection to the little flower buds through the cold season. They are a long time in fully expanding, so that by the time the pussies finally become inch-long tassels of yellow flowers, other plants have put forth delicate blossoms, and the willow flowers are not the first of spring. The first real *flower* of spring in New England is probably the skunk-cabbage, but its connection with poetry is hardly close enough to entitle it to special notice in this article.

The pussy-willows, I am persuaded, have not received from the poets the attention which they deserve.

"Coming when no flowerets dare
Trust the cruel outer air,"—

(as was written of another flower) they are doubly welcome, and deserve special notice. But hardly an allusion to them can be found in the writings of our great poets. Phœbe Cary says in her poem on "Sugar Making:"

"And the willow from her graceful head
Shook out her yellow tresses,"—

but this must refer to the willow flowers fully expanded later in the spring, for these are yellow, while the pussies are silvery white. A. S. Bassett wrote very prettily in the New York Independent some years ago about the pussy-willows:—

"Brave little pussies, sturdy and bold,
Breasting the snow and the rain and cold,
They come the first of all the spring,
Before the blue-bird dares to sing.

Before the violets 'neath the ground
Have wakened from their sleep profound;
Before the fern leaves have unrolled
Their drowsy heads of rusty gold.

Brave little pledges of fairer flowers!
Stout little heralds of summer hours!
Blue skies coming after the gray;
After the March winds, beautiful May."

Windham, N. h., April, 1883.

The Poultry Interest.

CHARCOAL AND LIME FOR FOWLS.

[Farm and Home.]

These two articles play a very important part in the management of fowls, whether bred in a farmer's yard or on a farm. Charcoal should be liberally fed, for no one thing is more conducive to health than this. It should be broken in small lumps and put where the fowls can get at it, and they will eat it with great relish. We have seen it fed to pigs, with the very best results; and those which were treated to it were never troubled with disease or sickness, while neighboring ones were. This helps to prove its value not only for swine, but for fowls. Where the birds are kept in confinement, continues a contemporary, it is a very good plan to keep a small trough in a sheltered place, full of small bits of fresh charcoal, and the fowls will soon learn to help themselves. The value of lime in the form of whitewash, is well known, and those who use it liberally are the ones who keep their flocks healthy and cleanly. To render whitewash more effective in dislodging, driving away, or destroying lice and other parasitic nuisances, the addition of a little carbolic acid is invaluable, for vermin. Air-slaked lime should be occasionally scattered over the floor of the chicken house, to remove unpleasant and unhealthy odors, while a little of it should be scattered around the yards and runs. For materials for egg-shells, oyster-shell lime is the best for the purpose.

THE POULTRY HOUSE.

For the floor of the poultry house, the best plan is to get it quite level and then slant it to the front, just to cause a slight fall in case of wishing to wash it out at any time. Then put on a coating of cement and sand; when quite dry fill in two inches of dry earth that has been sifted. As the droppings fall on this they are easily raked off and the ammonia is absorbed. It is a great point to have dry runs for all poultry, and the birds seem to appreciate the dry dust for ridding themselves of vermin. I used to allow chicks are kept upon dry earth they will stand cold in the most singular manner, but they soon succumb if they get into the damp.—[Michigan Farmer.

☞ The reckless destruction of forests by farmers for pecuniary gain is deplorable. Thousands of acres on plains, hills and mountains are yearly cut down and made barren, not even fit for pasture, while no exertion is made for reproduction.—[Springfield Republican.

ESSEX AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY.

More About the Field Meeting.

[Marblehead Messenger's Report.]

The field meeting of the Essex Agricultural Society, held at Dr. Loring's farm at Salem, on Tuesday, 17th inst, for the exhibition and trial of the most improved ploughs, harnesses, and other farming tools, was a success in every sense of the word and marks an epoch in the history of the society. Considering the fact that the meeting was probably the first of the kind ever held in this country (distinct from agricultural fairs) and the short time in which it was conceived and projected, the officers in charge should be congratulated for the completeness of arrangements and harmony of details. The gathering consisted mainly of the better class of New England farmers, practical, intelligent men, who came for information and improved each moment in gaining ideas of the value of implements that were new or untried to them. The agents or manufacturers of the different implements, with their ploughmen and drivers, were present in force, and although rivals, each man with scarcely an exception, allowed his goods to be shown on their merits and made no attempt to disparage those of a competitor.

The trial was held in the large field fronting on Loring avenue on a piece of ground having been marked out for the bounds. The land was rather moist and had a tender sward, and contained frost in some places. At 9:30 the ploughing exhibition commenced with the land-side ploughs. Each plough was to be run three furrows of a uniform depth of seven inches, and the test of superiority was width of furrow, lightness of draft, ease of handling, and the value and beauty of the finished work. At the completion of each test the ploughs were stood on the ground ploughing, and on a flag bearing the name of the plough, the width of furrow and the name of the agent or manufacturer marked the work done by the implement. The following is a list of the ploughs and the result of their work:

Hussey plough	15½ inches.
Holmes' national steel plough	16 "
Ward's plough	15 "
Remington plough	18 "
Oliver chilled plough	16½ "
Higganum M'f'g Co., Silver Eagle	14 "
Centennial	16½ "

There was apparently little superiority in the land sides, each having some slight advantage not possessed by the others, all doing most excellent work.

The great interest taken in the swivel plough and the favorable comment of large numbers of the farmers go far to show that the inherent prejudices of many toward the side-hill plough, which has led some to claim that good work can only be done by a land-side plough, does not seem to hold good, and we suggest that a few such trials as this will go far toward bringing the swivel to the front, and the time is not far distant when the unsightly dead furrows and ridges which are such a nuisance where hay-making machines are used will soon be seldom seen. Besides, the work of the team is less severe as the horses alternate in walking in the furrows, thus equalizing the labor. It is certainly true that the best swivel ploughs exhibited threw as flat handsome furrows as the land-sides.

The side-hills that attracted the most notice were the Granger, Centennial and Silver Eagle, the first of its fine work and improved swivel, whereby the labor of the ploughman is greatly lessened, and the other two for their excellent work and light draft. The Matchless and I. X. L. proved unsuitable for the ground. All the others should be commended for excellence

At noon the meeting was adjourned for refreshments. Coffee was furnished free and a booth was arranged in one of the carriage sheds, where a baker from Salem with four assistants attempted to supply the samples. Imagine their consternation when several hundred hungry men presented themselves in a body and began to call for dinner. It was immediately evident that the supply (of waiters at least) was not equal to the demand and it soon resolved itself into a "help yourself" affair, but to the credit of the assembly it may be said that a large majority of those who were obliged to resort to this expedient, returned after the crowd had dispersed and paid their bills. The interval afforded an opportunity to inspect the barns and stock on the farm. The first exclamation by many was of surprise at the quantity of live stock in the barn, there being some fifty horses and seventy head of cattle. The horses were in good order, while the quality of one man's (the driver's) labor and making the work of the ploughman as light as it was before heavy, the care of the cattle allowing the team to move faster and thus accomplishing more in a given time, all tend toward economy and go to prove the progressive farmer will appreciate its merits and speedily take advantage of them.

The working of all the ploughs was excellent. Clean, broad furrows, no ridges and no soiling of the unploughed land, no ragged tufts of grass sticking above the surface. The superiority can be claimed by the swivel sulky plough, for lightness of draft, ease of handling, and the value and beauty of the finished work. At the completion of each test the ploughs were stood on the ground ploughing, and on a flag bearing the name of the plough, the width of furrow and the name of the agent or manufacturer marked the work done by the implement. The following is a list of the ploughs and the result of their work:

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The principal specific exhibits were those of Aaron Low of Essex, Whitcomb & Carter, Beverly; Whittemore Bros., Boston; Everett & Small, Boston; A. G. Hill, Amesbury; C. S. Concord, Danvers; G. S. Creamer, Hamilton; Farker & Gannet, Boston, and the Higganum Manufacturing Co.

The trial closed at 4 o'clock, when the assembly quietly broke up, all feeling satisfied that they had passed a well-spent day.

☞ The granary should be entirely cleaned out at least once a year, or it may breed weevil in the old grain. The wheat needed for flour for family use should be ground some warm day in spring and kept in barrels in a cool place during summer.

☞ There is a grade of wheat in Oregon known as Goose wheat, so called because it originated from a few grains found in the crop of a wild goose. The wheat has a hard outer husk, and the bran is very coarse; it makes a peculiar grade of flour. Its exact duplicate is found in a small province of Spain, and the inference is that the wild goose must make pretty rapid time.

THE FERGU

attendance; I did not see a drunken person, or hear an unkind word spoken during my stay.

The criticisms in this report have not been made with any but the kindest feelings towards this noble old society, but simply to show you the impressions made upon the mind of your delegate, and here let me say what I have virtually said in other words, that the exhibition of the Berkshire Agricultural Society, was one that did that society and its officers great credit, and that the appropriation to it from the State is well and properly expended.

The Ploughman.

BOSTON, SATURDAY, APR. 28, 1883.

☞ *Persons desiring a change in the address of their paper must state where the paper has been sent as well as the new direction.*

It appears that the principal accusers of Supervising Architect Hill decline to appear against him.

The Czar of Russia is to be crowned on the 27th of May. Now we shall know what the Nihilists can do, or if they can do anything.

Senator Anthony of Rhode Island, now the senior Senator in the United States Senate, is critically ill from Bright's disease. There is hope entertained that he may recover.

The President returned to Washington by rail from Savannah on Sunday. He found good fishing in Florida, but is not believed to have been made over enthusiastic over the South.

The polar observations at the different northern stations are to be discontinued, and all the expeditions except the Ice-bound ones are to return to their homes next September.

The French minister of marine has ordered several transports now lying in the docks at Marseilles to be immediately put in readiness to go to Tonquin. France is getting waked up in the East.

While we all thought that Spring was coming along drives a fierce snow storm from the Northwest, doing damage right-and-left and clearing up houses and telegraph poles in the most promiscuous manner.

The object of the new triple alliance between Germany, Austria, and Italy is said to be to isolate France, so as to bring about a simultaneous general disarmament of the powers, which Bismarck intends to propose to an European Congress.

The gangrene in ex-Senator Hendricks's foot is said to be working stealthily up his leg, and amputation is believed to be the only alternative. Such an operation is considered hardly safe by his time of life, Mr. Hendricks being sixty-nine years old.

Martial law has been proclaimed through Hayti, and Miragoane is to be bombarded by the government forces. It is now in possession of the insurgents. The President has proclaimed defiance to the insurgents, and all who are caught are instantly executed.

The present estimate is that the Government will pay out, for the regular fiscal year ending June 30, something more than eighty-six million dollars in pensions to United States soldiers. It is also stated that its total pension payments since the war ended are $623,793,501,32.

Suits have been brought to the United States Circuit Court by the receiver of the suspended Pacific Bank in this city against nearly three hundred stockholders of the bank, many of whom are residents of Maine, New Hampshire, and Vermont. A number of savings banks are among them.

The condition of the growing winter wheat in England is reported by competent observers to be very bad indeed, there being no hope of raising over fifty or sixty per cent. of the usual crop. The condition of the crop in France is said to be equally bad. The main cause of the trouble in England is the cold, rainy weather, which in many cases has caused the seed to rot in the ground.

Portions of Mississippi were devastated by a terrific cyclone on Sunday afternoon last, Wesson and Beauregard being the places which suffered the most. Some fifty persons were killed outright, and nearly one hundred were wounded. The same wind tempest visited, in its career, Alabama, Tennessee, and Georgia, in which three States many lives were likewise lost and much property destroyed.

DOINGS OF THE CYCLONE.

Since the regular recurrence of cyclones has been established, a call is made for some method of measuring its velocity, a thing never yet attempted for the reason that no known instruments can withstand its force. The details of the one which struck up in the Mississippi Valley last Sunday and swept across the Gulf States, are of a startling interest. The track of the monster wind-storm, after crossing into Georgia, is described as being from three hundred to one thousand yards in width. It blew down houses, levelled and uprooted forests, and made fences invisible. Cattle, swine, and horses were killed by the hundreds. All the farms and plantations in its devastating track are in ruins; all kinds of crops are destroyed. In a single Georgia county, twenty-five people were killed and two hundred wounded. Many houses and mills, with all they contained, were blown hundreds of yards away. One entire family was blown through the woods, but escaped death. Hitherto forty feet wide are completely blocked with timber, the fences being all levelled. The entire crops are a loss. It is the same cyclone that started in Mississippi and crossed Alabama, striking southern Tennessee in its path.

THE IRISH CONVENTION.

The long projected convention of Irish citizens of the United States, to consider the condition and needs of Ireland and to devise suitable means for her relief, is in session in Philadelphia this week. It is a large body, and its proceedings are marked by unusual earnestness and enthusiasm. It is called a Land League convention, which best describes it. Almost the first topic of pronounced interest to present itself is the dynamite question, which the Irish-American class of our population is expected to deal with summarily. As we write, it is declared by all the leading delegates and the press which represents the cause of Ireland in this country, that the dynamite policy for Ireland will be crushed out, no sort of favor or even of charity being shown it. The O'Donovan Rossa and Mazzeroff policy of advancing the cause of Ireland is that they will not receive the countenance of the League in the remotest manner. The amalgamation of the various Irish societies of the country is one object of the convention. The financial accounts of the Land League will likewise be reported on. And the endorsement of Parnell's policy is confidently counted on.

THE DIVORCE QUESTION.

A Kentucky woman, aged seventy, recently applied in the courts for a divorce from her husband, aged ninety, on the ground of desertion. It is without a parallel in the long history of divorce suits. The case came at length before the Vice Chancellor, on an application for alimony, and he improved the occasion to express his views in relation to the whole divorce business with the freedom that was his right. He thinks that if the people of Kentucky were cognisant of all the facts in relation to divorce suits in the State, it would fill them amazement and disgust. He says it is high time this matter was taken in hand. The fault he does not think lies with the courts. Most of the divorce cases, he says, come from the lower classes, but they are the very ones that most need protection. Generally, in divorce cases, some other man or woman is at the bottom of it, in order to form a new alliance. In the case in hand, the Vice-Chancellor advised the plaintiff to a lently await the divorce which would be certain to come soon in the order of nature.

THE CROPS AND BUSINESS.

There has been a marked change in the crop estimate within the last two weeks. It was given out at first that winter wheat did not hold out its usual promise, and that in consequence the surplus supply for export another year would be much diminished. On this estimate, based on the published reports of the Agricultural Department, the market has been for a time subject to changes that promised to extend their influence through the entire year's trade, both domestic and foreign. But the State reports concerning winter wheat prove to be a decided improvement on those received from the Agricultural Bureau. For example, while the California wheat crop was reported at 62, the standard being 100, it is well known now that the production of the entire Pacific slope will be equal to that of the best years hitherto. It is the same in the case of other States; and the general criticism, not to say complaint, is that the Agricultural Bureau makes its figures too low. It may be called, however, an error on the safe side.

The present prospect is that we are to have a good crop of wheat this year, even if it is not a superior one. Without counting in exigencies, such as insects and weather, the probabilities are that the quantity of wheat produced will not be so much diminished as to effect our export trade, and therefore that the market prices will not be subject to any very wide variations. The crop was reported as standing, for the entire country, at 80 on the 1st of April, against 104 a year ago, and 85 two years ago. The local, or State, reports are happily improving this statement, and the market responds accordingly. But the great operators in wheat are as liable to require correction as the Agricultural Bureau. They do not establish prices, as many people imagine, nor are they so potent in fixing the rules for the movements of trade as they are often credited with being. They may be able to control the market temporarily, but they inevitably have to give way before the combined influences which proceed solely from men's necessities and the means in existence for supplying them.

General business, though not what is called "booming," is steadily active and full of promise. In all repects it is encouraging. Prices tend downward, although it is well understood that the staple products of agriculture are in abundance and the business of transportation is in the highest state of prosperity. One would suppose that railroad shares would go up in consequence; but it is not so. Still, downward, or even slow-moving, prices are always in favor of the great consuming class, and for the best interests of trade itself moderate prices are more advantageous than high ones. If so much is not realized in a short time, the less that is realized lasts longer and so makes it all up, besides keeping business going at a more reliable pace. We may confidently assume that things are in good condition when the trade movement is all the time perceptible though the profits are not large. It is this last consideration that extends consumption and keeps it steady in its demands on accumulated stocks. As a whole, the outlook is as favorable as could be reasonably asked at the opening of a new season.

MASS. AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE TRUSTEE MEETING.

The Trustees of the State Agricultural College held a meeting at the State House on Monday, April 23d inst., members present as follows: His Excellency Benj. F. Butler, who presided; Hon. James S. Grinnell of Greenfield; Hon. Daniel Needham of Groton; Hon. William Knowlton of Upton; Phineas Steadman of Chicopee; Hon. John Cummings of Woburn; O. B. Hadwen of Worcester; Hon. Henry L. Whiting of Cambridge; Benj. P. Ware of Marblehead; Geo. Noyes of Boston, and John E Russell, Secretary of the Board of Agriculture. The full attendance testified to the interest felt by the members in all matters relating to the College, about which there were numerous expressions of enthusiasm. The chief object of the meeting was to forward certain matters of business, which the recent death of President Chadbourne closely affected. His name and services were mentioned only to be eulogized by the Board. The progress made by the special committee in the work of selecting a new President to be his successor was duly reported to the meeting. It was stated that the names of three or four prominent men were under the committees' consideration, but that they would do nothing precipitately, having only the largest permanent good of the College at heart. It may be relied on that none but the best candidate which the whole country is able to furnish will be presented to the Trustees for their acceptance,—one who will be able to take up President Chadbourne's work where he left it, and go forward with it to successes which might not have been conceived even by himself.

The Washington Monument.—This memorial structure bids fair to be completed, after all. It is now 340 feet high, and by next November will be 450 feet high. By the end of April the work of laying the large marble blocks will begin. Last year the marble came from Baltimore County, Maryland; this year it comes from the Lee quarries of Massachusetts. Some time in the fall of 1884, when the work of the engineers in charge will be finished, the monument will be 555 feet high. It tapers so gradually that when it attains that great height, its width at the top will be a little less than fourteen feet smaller than at the bottom. It is now beginning to be talked about in Washington with respect.

Foot and Mouth Disease.—In the British House of Lords, the Duke of Richmond and Gordon moved that the papers concerning the foot-and-mouth disease among cattle be presented to the House, and a bed why the importation of cattle from the United States was not prohibited, as well as from France. He said the disease was much more common in the United States than in France. The latter statement was explicitly contradicted by Lord Carlingford, minister of agriculture, who might be supposed to possess both excusive and accurate information on the subject. He said that, although the disease did exist in the United States, the wholesale prohibition of American cattle was not justified.

Prohibition in Maine.—Neal Dow writes to a New York journal to assure it that not a puncheon of liquor is now brought into the State, and there is not a distillery nor a brewery in the State. The liquors that now come into the State are in small packages concealed in flour or sugar barrels, or in dry goods boxes marked "eggs" or "glass, this side up with care," or otherwise so disguised as to elude the vigilance of the officers. No intimation, he says, is ever made in any paper, in the State that the law has failed; all this comes from outside parties. All places in which it is suspected that liquors are sold are searched carefully and thoroughly. They are always low dens, and such as few people would enter.

Mount Vernon.—The Mt. Vernon Ladies Association of the Union has assigned the care of the room used by Washington for his library and office to Massachusetts. It has been necessary thoroughly to repair this room, and to furnish it with old and suitable furniture. For this purpose the Vice-regent for Massachusetts, Miss M. A. Longfellow, No. 105 Brattle street, Cambridge, Mass., solicits any information in regard to authentic pieces of furniture, formerly in possession of Washington or his family, and will gratefully receive all contributions. One thousand dollars are needed by her for the purchase of valuable relics, of which three hundred have already been raised.

FASHIONS IN BOOTS.—There is no article of dress, excepting the hat or bonnet, that does so much to give style and character to the wearer as the boot and shoe. A well fitted boot gives support to the body and elasticity to the step. Unconsciously it adds fifty per cent. to the feelings of the man or woman other ways well dressed. One of the oldest and best known firms in Boston, which has an established reputation for style in dressing the foot, is Henry H. Tuttle & Co., occupying the spacious and elegant store corner of Washington and Winter streets. There can always be found from the celebrated establishment of E. C. Burt & Co. the latest novelties in boots and shoes for weddings, parties, carriage and home use, the variety and extent of which are worthy a special trip for inspection by all who desire the best goods. Burt's Boots received medals for superiority at Paris, Vienna and Philadelphia World's Fair Exhibitions.

PROF. COLLIER'S REMOVAL

As Chemist of the U. S. Agricultural Department.

WASHINGTON, D. C., April 16, 1883.—Prof. Collier is trying to make a martyr of himself on account of his removal as chemist of the agricultural department. But the truth is he ought to have been removed long ago. His work on the sorghum question is now pronounced valueless by those best informed on the matter, and the practical sugar manufacturers have got tired of his "2000 determination," reported year after year to no purpose. His entire neglect of the general work of his division, his constant abuse of the commissioner, his persistent attempts to stir up strife on a question when no strife was necessary, have long been known and considered injurious to the department and the government. He has led the National Academy of Sciences into such a position that many of its most influential members have declared that the academy ought to put an end to such proceedings at once. The appointment of his successor has been judiciously made by the commissioner. Prof. Wiley is one of the most accomplished chemists in the western states, has the entire confidence of the best and most practical sugar manufacturers, and recognizes the importance of general chemical investigations for the benefit of agriculture. President Whitcomb of Purdue University writes to Commissioner Loring that "Purdue's loss in Dr. Wiley's retirement is the nation's gain."

The above, which is taken from the Washington correspondent of the Boston Herald, is probably the most intelligent statement that can be made concerning the peremptory dismissal of Prof. Collier from further connection with the Agricultural Department by Commissioner Loring. For his part in the Commissioner's case has been unreasonably attacked in some quarters, but it seems to require no vindication. The case being just such an one as it is, it is not necessary to recite any further than has already been done the expressions of confidence felt by the entire agricultural community towards Commissioner Loring, who certainly is not to be condemned, even if criticised for making an effective attempt to preserve the discipline of the office over which he presides. No attacks, on grounds so unreal as those referred to, will weaken the confidence and respect which an intelligent and investigating body of American farmers are known to feel for the Commissioner. They do not forget the highly successful efforts he has made to elevate the character of the Agricultural Department, and to bring into closer and more active relations with the other leading interests of the country.

AT THE STATE HOUSE.

The House refused to pass the charities appropriation bill over the Governor's veto, the vote being 128 yeas to 85 nays, which is not the requisite two thirds vote.

An attempt to reconsider the rejection of the pilotage bill failed.

The Newburyport Almshouse investigation engrosses much of the public attention.

A bill for the protection of hotels from fire was reported to the Senate. The committee on federal relations also reported that the resolution concerning the late Oakes Ames ought to pass.

The House indefinitely postponed the bill to incorporate the special Capital Company. It likewise passed to be engrossed the Senate bill to empower the College of Physicians and Surgeons of Boston to confer degrees.

On Friday, both branches adjourned to make the trip to the Hoosac Tunnel.

The bill in the House to compel an uniform fire-hose coupling throughout the State, was rejected by a tie vote.

The House judiciary committee reported against the bill to secure the sanctity of burial.

The elevated railroad bill came up in the Senate and was voted on without a debate, the result being to throw it out of the chamber. A reconsideration was moved.

The Hoosac Tunnel committee reported a resolve providing for a settlement of the tunnel-ownership question.

The charities appropriations were reported back in the House in several bills, in place of the one which was vetoed some weeks since by the Governor.

The Senate unanimously adopted the resolution in reference to Oakes Ames.

The committee on water supply and drainage has voted to favor a reference to the next General Court of all the petitions for leave to take water from the Shawsheen River.

The Governor's unexpected action in superseding the trustees of the Tewksbury almshouse by the request that the State Board of Health, Lunacy, and Charity take charge of it, has excited not only surprise but much opposition in the investigation committee, as well as in the Legislature. The Board has asked the Attorney General for its advice in the premises. Frank Sanborn refused to accept the Governor's appointment of Superintendent.

The Charities Bill.—The Governor having vetoed the general charities appropriation bill, and the House of Representatives having failed, on a trial, to pass it over the official veto, the financial committee have now broken up the bill into individual ones, so as to make provision for the different State charities separately. It has been said that this places it in the Governor's power to shut up any one of the several institutions by vetoing the bill making the annual appropriation for it; but it is questionable if he would do that any more than close them all.

The Season of Cyclones.—From about this time till the end of summer, wind storms of unusual force usually prevail, and are therefore to be looked for. The one which swept through the South on Sunday last was not such a strange visitor, therefore, as it otherwise might be. It struck a portion of Mississippi, making great havoc in two towns, both of life and property. In the township of Wesson a dozen persons were killed, and some seventy-five were wounded. The forces of the wind, after rioting in the valley of the Mississippi, expend themselves across Alabama, Tennessee, and Georgia. There is much yet to be learned concerning the cyclone as a regular visitor.

"Number One."—This now famous term, applied to the Great Unknown in the present Irish assassination plot, has finally had his photograph identified on the trial of Brady in Dublin. His real name is Fynan. He is about forty-five years of age, of more than the average height, of powerful build, and wears a jet-black beard that flows down to the middle of his chest. His habit has been to rarely meet the same persons twice. Sometimes he speaks with a Scotch accent, and so metimes with a brogue. He was in Cannes, France, in February, where he remained until the carnival; and he is said to have actually witnessed the procession at Nice from the same balcony on which Mr. Gladstone stood. He went to Mexico by way of this country.

☞ The carpet business of Boston and the country is represented in a first-class manner by the long established and widely-known house of J. H. Pray, Sons & Co., of this city, whose location at Nos. 558 and 560 Washington street is a trade mart always to be seen thronged by people in quest of the goods in which this firm are such successful specialists. Their recent improvements, to meet the needs of the new spring trade, are on an extensive scale, exposing numerous additional attractions to purchasers, and offering what they positively claim to be the most spacious, the best lighted, and the most arranged retail carpet salesroom in Boston. Their fresh stock is richly worth an examination, as it contains bargains for which many persons may have been waiting for years. Pray, Sons & Co. are sole agents in this city for some of the renowned Woodstock carpets of England.

☞ *The North American Review* for May contains nine articles, nearly every one of which discusses some topic or problem at the present moment prominent in the public mind. Senator John T. Morgan writes of "Mexico," and sets forth the considerations of commercial advantage and international comity which are rapidly bringing about a more cordial understanding between that country and the United States. The Rev. Wm. H. Ryder, rector of Manchester, Bishop McQuaid's recent vaticinations regarding the decay of Protestantism, makes a vigorous counter charge upon the papal system in an article entitled "The Distribution of Romanism" In "Emerson and Carlyle," Edwin P. Whipple discourses with all his old time keenness of psychological insight and perfection of literary form upon the strangely diversely mental and moral characteristics of those two great thinkers. Prof. Felix Adler offers "A Secular View of Moral Training," arguing that the current skeptical habit of thought demands an independent system of practical ethics, based primarily on observation rather than on revelation. "Communism in America," by Prof. Alexander Winchell, gives very forcible expression to the apprehensions of those persons who perceive the need of reform in the country who think that they see in our political and social development all the signs of impending national decay. The other articles are "Affinities of Buddhism and Christianity," by the Rev. Dr. James Freeman Clarke; "Woman as an Inventor," by Marilla Josyn Gage; "College Endowments," by Rossiter Johnson; and "Extradition," by Robert Sedgwick. Published at 30 Lafayette Place, New York, and for sale by booksellers generally.

AT THE POINT OF DEATH.

A Clergyman, in South Haven, Mich., who has been greatly benefitted by Compound Oxygen, and who has used his influence to induce others to try it, writes as follows: "An elderly lady here, who is now able to attend to her household affairs, *was long at the point of death from Consumption.* A day or two since she walked out a distance of four blocks. *All are expressing surprise concerning her recovery.* The Oxygen is doing more for these cases than all the physicians." Our Treatise on Compound Oxygen, containing large reports of cases and full information, *sent free.* Address DR. STARKEY & PALEN, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

DANGER FROM DRUGS.

The recent startling exposure in regard to a general system of drug adulterations practiced not only by the compounders of patent medicines, but by prescription druggists, has, as might be supposed, caused wide spread alarm and anxiety among a very large class of persons who are suffering from acute or chronic ailments.

The flower Safety is often plucked from the nettle Danger, and it may be so in this case. Crude drugs, when impure or adulterated, when taken into the human body, work more or less disorder in its delicate organisms. The general abandonment of these hurtful substances, whether from a rational conviction of their injurious effects, or in fear of getting poisoned through wicked adulterations, will be a great gain for the public.

"But what are we to do?" comes from the sick and suffering on all sides, especially from those afflicted with chronic diseases which are steadily growing worse. "The last allopathic system will not cure us. We are sick and we must help, or must continue to grow worse, and in the end die."

The answer to this half despairing question, if it were indeed the true one, would be hailed with gladness by thousands and tens of thousands who have lost faith in drugs, and well nigh in physicians. A new and better treatment of disease—a true and rational treatment—must be one that does not assault, shock or weaken the depressed, over sensitive and exhausted vital organs, but help and encourage them to renewed action. It must infuse life into the nervous centres, restore to all the wonderful and delicate machinery, which has been obstructed by disease, a steadier and more orderly movement, and so, slowly but surely set the patient on the road to health.

Is there such a treatment?" hundreds who read this will eagerly enquire. We answer that there is, as thousands who have used it can and do testify in the most positive manner. A shadow of doubt comes over your face. You know how wicked the sick are deceived and pandered by those who make gain of their sufferings. If you can fairly examine and and weigh evidence carefully, the largest opportunity to decide for yourself as to the value of this treatment will be afforded.

Under this new Treatment, which is by inhalation, it is no wondering that the tone of the stomach by drugs, and no violent assaults upon any nerve or fibre in the body, *but a gentle and subtly penetrating influence, reaching to the very centre of all the life forces, and restoring them to healthier action.* The natural result is that, when a patient recovers he is in a far better condition to resist the causes which produce disease than the patient who has had the life forces weakened through drug medication.

As a restorer of vital forces, it can be largely vouched for from the results obtained during the past twelve years, that *it is the most efficient agent yet discovered by the medical profession Its use by over worked busin ss and professional men, and by all who suffer from nervous exhaustion and low vitality, would save many hundreds of lives every year, and save to thousands more the sorrow of having watched the weariness, exhaustion and peril which most attend slower labors.*

The treatment to which we refer is that known as the Compound Oxygen Treatment. It is dispensed by Drs. Starkey & Palen, 1109 and 1111 Girard Street, Philadelphia, who will furnish any persons who write to them with such documentary evidence, and reports of cases and cures, as will enable them to judge for themselves as to its value as a curative agent. As they make no charge for consultation, it will cost nothing to get this information and a medical opinion in any special case which may be submitted to them, personally or by letter.

Below are presented a few cases, out of many hundreds, which are on record, showing the wonderful action of this Treatment, which is always in the line of natural forces, and in harmony with well known physiological laws. They are taken from the Lung Journal and Health *Life,* a quarterly record of cases and cures under the New Compound Oxygen Treatment. This journal has been published for over three years, and gives the most wonderful record of cures in chronic and desperate cases that the world has ever seen. Any questions as to the genuineness of these reports will be answered by evidence of so direct and positive a character that even the most skeptical will be convinced

The first report we offer for consideration is that made by a well known member of the legal profession in New York City, who in the midst of his confidence in October, 1882, when he began the new treatment, says: "My case seemed quite desperate when I commenced. Utter nervous prostration and extreme physical debility was my condition. A weak and inactive stomach and imperfect assimilation of food had brought me to it. I could not go to my law office, or give any attention to my business. You told me that I might not be conscious of any benefit from it for a week or more. I was no longer. *But within two or three days I began to improve, growing stronger* day by day, *until in the course of a month I had back almost my normal strength and could resume my law practice,* so that, by guarding against overwork I find myself equal to the ordinary demands of my profession. And what I can do more and more, *and am continuing to feel better.* My stomach works well and feels well. My digestion seems to be easy and natural." "Writing again, December 14 h, he says: "*The general tone of my system has gained immensly in every in the short time since I wrote you last.* I feel like myself again and am full of strength and courage for a renewal of the battle of life, *which only a few months since seemed to me to be ended.*"

The next report is that made by a physician in New York State, who, finding his daughter in a rapid decline, and being unable to arrest the disease, tried Compound Oxygen as a last resort. The results are given in the following extract from one of his letters: "Your Home Treatment was duly received, and my daughter immediately commenced its use, stopping all other treatment. *The results are marvellous indeed.* She says that *she feels nearly well,* except that she has some cough yet. You will see by reference to my former letter that she had a very bad train of symptoms. *Two physicians whom I called to see her pronounced it a case of Tuberculosis, and gave it as their opinion that she would not recover.* She had had a cough for a year, was very hoarse; had severe pain in right side; chill for last two months, with night sweats, emaciation, weakness, and loss of appetite, and nervousness; could not sleep at night; pulse a hundred and ninety, and temperature from about twenty-five to thirty-four. She began to improve in about one week from the time she commenced the Oxygen Treatment, and has continued to improve up to the present time. *All the bad symptoms I have enumerated have passed off.* She gained six pounds in weight in four weeks."

In the case of a lady residing in Wellsville, Mo., whose friends had, to use her own words—"as I given up that I was going with consumption as fast as I could," the following report after six weeks' use of the Treatment is given: "I have been using Oxygen for six weeks, and am now able to ride to town, six miles, do my shopping, and back actually without fatigue or my family, and work at light housework all the remainder of the day without stopping to rest. Sleep sound eight hours soundly; no night sweats, no distressing sick headaches as I used to have. My friends had all given up that I was going with consumption as fast as I could, but, indeed, I am looking better than for years, and I think it is through God's mercy and His blessing and your Oxygen that has brought me back to happiness."

A neuralgic patient writes: "After suffering from Neuralgia in the face for some weeks, with no relief from medicine, and growing daily weaker, I sent for the Oxygen, *which rapidly removed the trouble. In three weeks it was gone,* and I am now feeling better than for some time past and am still gaining."

But space will not permit further extracts from this number of "*Health & Life,*" which contains favorable reports from nearly a hundred patients, many of them even more explicit than those given above. If you are interested enough to wish to see other reports of these cases, you can have a copy sent you free, for a copy of "*Health & Life,*" also for their Treatise on Compound Oxygen, and they will be mailed to your address.

At the April meeting of the Massachusetts Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals, it was stated by President Angell that the office agents had investigated 161 cases of cruelty during the month of March, and mercifully taken the lives of 35 animals; that 421 cases had been investigated by country agents during the quarter; that over 1000 placards for the protection of insect eating birds had been sent through the State; and arrangements are being made to have special officer visit our orchards during the summer. About 300 "Bands of Mercy" are now formed and forming, with some thirty thousand members.

ONIONS RAISED ON PHOSPHATE ALONE.

SUNDERLAND, Mass., April 8, 1882.

Last year I bought one-half acre of ground for onions using 1,500 pounds of Bradley's Phosphate to the acre, at $53.75 per acre. No other manure was used. I sold the onions from these three and one half acres for seventy-five cents per bushel, and the whole amounted to $300. Onions were grown on part of this land the year before with nothing but Bradley's Phosphate, and got a yield of 700 to 800 bushels to the acre. I am sowing five acres to onions this year using nothing but this Phosphate.

N. P. CLARK.

MARRIAGES.

In this city, April 18th, by Rev. A. J. Gordon, D. D., Charles S. Kendall to Elizabeth S. Kimball.

In this city, April 19th, by Rev. C. H. Spalding, Herbert G. Newton of Medford to Miss Florence Hammond of this city.

In this city, April 18th, by Rev. O. P. Gifford, Herbert L. Locker of Newton to Annie I. Feybt of Boston.

In Chelsea, April 19th, by Rev. Andrew Gray, George W. Keith of South Boston to Stanilas, daughter of John Smith of Chelsea.

In Abington, April 19th, by Rev R. W. Haskins, assisted by Rev. Mr. Warren, Mr. Granville R Farrar to Miss Fannie S. King, both of Abington.

DEATHS.

In this city, April 20th, Benjamin F. Burgess, 74 years 8 months.

In Cambridgeport, April 19th, Margaret Laird, widow of Daniel Cross, 75 years 7 months 27 days.

In Dorchester, April 21st, George Lunderd, 74 years 8 months.

In Weston, April 20th, Mrs. Harriet Fox, 78 years 5 months.

In West Newton, April 20th, Mrs. Lucy Griggs, formerly of Brookline, 80 years 8 months.

In Natick, April 19th, Solomon S. Gray.

In Charlestown, N. H., April 20th, Mrs. Emily A. Olcott, 72 years.

In Brookline, April 23d, Emily Pomeroy, eldest daughter of Theodore Arvasit Dodge.

In Portsmouth, April 20th, Margaret, widow of Philip Cowen, 71 years 9 months.

In Salem, April 20th, Mrs. Cynthia E. Dennis, 56 years 10 months.

In Newburyport, April 21st, Stephen Short, 76 years 14 days.

In West Roxbury, April 20th, Stephen R. Clapp, Jr., 39 years 8 months 23 days.

In Jamaica Plain, April 21st, Mary McAvina Wright, step-daughter of W. S. Wilder, formerly of Brookline, 46 years.

In Southfield, April 20th, Mr. Elisha White.

In Stoughton, April 18th, Mrs. Mary S., wife of Rev. Masseen B. Ballou, 76 years 7 months.

In Framingham, Mass., April 23d, Charles Brainard, 57 years 8 months.

In Malden, April 23d, Charles Walter, only son of Ogilvie W. and Kate M. Ennis, 23 years 8 months.

In Concord, Mass., April 21st, Caroline B. Hunt, 86 years 7 months.

In Cambridge, April 22d, Miss Pamella Thompson, 82 years.

In Carlisle, April 17th, Mrs. Dr. M. A. S. Palmer, formerly of Cambridgeport, 76 years.

—A citizen in Virginia has shown the wonderful courage to sue a railroad Company for one thousand dollars damages, on account of a cold contracted by him while waiting for a train which was ever so far behind its advertised time. It be re-covers, and so encourages others to follow his example, the next reform thus started will do more for the lawyers than any writs they ever struck for themselves since they organized a profession.

—It is the season, in town, for choosing new hats and changing one's characteristics to that extent.

ONE SUFFERING SOUL HAPPY.

"If I can send one suffering soul to you," writs a James Corbin, of Washburn, Me., "I will be happy. *Samaritan Nervine* cured me, and will cure all cases of the." $1 50.

The "account rendered" for large Land League fund would be very interesting if we could only have it made public.

☞ Lord Byron, in reference to a beautiful lady, wrote to a friend—"Lady —— has been dangerous In ill, but now she is *dangerously* well again." American belles, when attacked by any of the ills that flesh is heir to, may be kept *killing,* and avoid being killed by taking Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Favorite Prescription," which banishes feminine weaknesses, and restores the bloom of health. By all druggists.

—It has recently come out, in a little book that relates to an entirely different matter, that in fourteen counties of North Carolina there are but sixteen foreign-born people.

PIMPLES AND HUMORS ON THE FACE.—In his condition of the skin, the VEGETINE is the great remedy, as it acts directly upon the cause. It cleanses and purifies the blood, thereby causing humors of all kinds to disappear.

—France and Germany have now prohibited the importation of American pork, and now the exclusion of American cattle from the United Kingdom is demanded by an English Lord.

☞ If you have Back Ache and cannot get a *Hop Plaster* of your druggist, send 25 cents in stamps to Carter, Harris & Hawley, Boston, Mass., and receive one by return mail, or 5 for $1 00.

—The Supreme Court of Louisiana, in deciding a recent will case, lays it down as the cardinal rule that the sole object in the interpretation of wills is, to ascertain the intention of the testators and to give it effect when ascertained.

☞ The most horrible punishment discovered by the leaders of the Inquisition, was to keep their victims awake. Insomnia, or sleeplessness, is a common disease, and one pregnant with danger. Wherever it will cure it, as well as its at endant and resultant ills.

—An exchange says that about one-half of all the positions under the Government now held by men could be just as well filled by women, and in very many cases with more propriety and the ex ainer of a higher standard of honesty and department.

"HAIL STONES AS BIG AS PUMPKINS."

There is some doubt about the hail stones having been quite so large, but as some people said they were as large as potatoes anyhow, it must have been a very severe storm. A man who is hit with many hail-stones will be badly bruised. It is surprising to see how quickly Perry Davis's Pain Killer will relieve the pain, even of the worst bruises.

—Commissioner Loring is reported as making the remark to Gen. Grant that the railroads to the south of Mexico will open a country far richer than that on the north of the capital. This is true in respect of the soil, but not in respect of the precious minerals.

☞ When the blood is loaded with impurities, and moves sluggishly in the veins, an alterative is needed, as this condition of the vital fluid cannot last long without serious results. There is nothing better than Ayer's Sarsaparilla to purify the blood and impart energy to the system.

—The terms on which property is sold in Washington are favorable to investments by persons working on salaries, the instalment plan working in real estate, as in other business, much more generally than here.

☞ The surprising success of Mrs. Lydia E. Pinkham's Compound for the several diseases peculiar to females, is evidence of the importance of her beneficent discovery and the fact that she knows how to make the most of it.—[Dr. Haskell.

—Col. Cyrus M. Wheaton, who died at Rehoboth, Mass., last week., in the eighty second year of his age, was much interested in agricultural matters, and rarely missed visiting the Bristol County Agricultural Society every year.

THROAT, BRONCHIAL, AND LUNG DISEASES

a specialty. Send two stamps for large treatise giving self-treatment. Address WORLD'S DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

—The present design of the two-cent stamp with the head of Jackson will be discontinued after October 1st, the new two-cent postage stamp at that date having the vignette of Washington.

—A local exchange well says, in relation to obtaining office, that the good fortune upon which a young man is congratulated when he gets a thousand dollar clerkship is, in nine cases out of ten, an evil fortune, making it extremely doubtful if he will ever rise above clerk's wages.

CONSUMPTION CURED.

An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure for Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases, has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper, W. A. NOYES, *149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.* oct14-13t-cow

—The New Orleans Times-Democrat only talks sensibly when it says—"We must learn that the literature or the art which has no better claim to recognition than the fact that it is South-ern, can never maintain its claim to recognition at all. Literature and art are eminently catholic, —but see local or provincial."

A CARD.

To all who are suffering from the errors and indiscretions of youth, nervous weakness, early decay, loss of manhood, &c., I will send a recipe that will cure you, FREE OF CHARGE. This great remedy was discovered by a missionary in South America. Send a self-addressed envelope to the Rev. JOSEPH T. INMAN, *Station D., New York City.* d-c-f-y

Domestic Markets.

BOSTON PRODUCE MARKET.

Wholesale Prices.

Beans.—Prices are well sustained. We quote large hand-picked pea beans at $2 25@2 30 ₩ bush; choice small do at $2 40@2 45; fancy higher, and choice screened do at $2 20@2 25; hand-picked medium at $2 25@2 30; choice do screened at $2 20@2 25; common beans at $2 00@2 20; choice improved yellow eyes at $3 40@3 45; old-fashioned yellow eyes at $3 35@3 40, and red kidneys nominal at $3 50@3 55. Canada peas continue quiet at 90@91 00 ₩ bush for common roasting, and $1 10@1 15 for choice. Split peas are at $6 00@6 25 ₩ bbl, with green peas at $1 20@1 40 ₩ bush for choice Western, and $1 30@1 40 for Northern.

Seeds.—Market quite active at unchanged prices. We quote timothy, fair to good at $2 @2 10; prime at $2 15@2 25; choice at $2 30@2 35; Western clover at 15½@16c ₩ lb, and Northern at 17c ₩ lb; New Jersey red-top at $4 75, and Western do at $4 25@4 50 ₩ sack; Hungarian at $1 25; millet is nominal at $1 25 ₩ bush; German do nominal at $1 75.

Fruit.—Dimond market, and prices steady. We quote choice Baldwins at $3 75; fancy at $4 00@4 25 ₩ bbl. Evaporated apples are quiet and easy at 14@17c, while Northern and Eastern quartered and sliced command 8@10c ₩ lb, and North Carolina sliced at 7@11c ₩ lb. We quote Palermo and Messina lemons at $2 50@3 50 ₩ box; and $3 50@4 50 ₩ case; Valencia oranges at $7 00@7 50 ₩ case for resulting size, and large at $9 00@10 00, and extra large at $10 00@11 00; Rangpur and Mauritius oranges at $2 25@3 50 box, and Florida do at $4 00@5 00 ₩ case. Aspinwall bananas selling in a small way at $3 50@4 00 ₩ bunch, with Jamaica at $1 50@2 50. Malaga grapes are dull at $3 50@6 50 for light weights, with heavy weights at $6 50@9 00 ₩ bbl.

Truck.—Demand fair, and prices are without change. We quote native cabbage at $2 00@2 50 ₩ bbl; beets at $1 00 ₩ bush; flat turnips at 50c ₩ bush; Rutabagas at $1 75 ₩ bbl; white French do at $1 50 ₩ bbl; parsnips at 75c ₩ bbl for Southern, and carrots at 50c ₩ bush; domestic onions at $2 50@3 50 ₩ bbl, with Norfolk spinach at $1 00@2 00 ₩ bbl; dandelions at $1 00@1 25 ₩ bush, and lettuce dull at 70@75c ₩ doz; radishes at 75c@$1 00 ₩ doz, and Bermuda onions at $1 50 ₩ crate.

Hay.—Market steady and moderately active. We quote choice prime hay at $16 00@17 00 ₩ ton; with some fancy cars at $18 00; medium hay at $14 00@15 00; choice Eastern fine at $15 00; poor at $11 00@13 00, and damaged at $11 00@14 00, with Eastern rowals at $9 00; rye straw steady at $13 00@14 00 for choice, and oat straw at $9 00 ₩ ton.

**Potatoes

INTREPID 5511.

INTREPID is standing at Valley Farm, Framingham, Mass., and will be allowed to serve a limited number of cows this season. Service ($10.00) fifty dollars. Keep of cows $2.00 per week, and at owners risk.

Intrepid is own brother to Mr. Watson's Silkbeard, for which $4,000 has been offered and refused. All communications should be addressed to

H. D. PARKER.
Parker House, Boston, Mass.,
WALTER P. PARKER,
Framingham, Mass.

apr21-2t

For Sale,

Shorth rn cow Dolly Gwynne, 7 years old, and Shorthorn bull, Governor, 2 years old. Both are fine animals, winning first prizes at New England Fair in 1882. For further particulars address J. LEWIS ELLSWORTH, 259 Main St., Worcester, Mass.

apr14-3t

WHEAT BITTERS.

THE Great LIQUID FOOD FOR BLOOD, BRAIN AND NERVES.

☞A SUPERIOR NUTRITIVE MEDICINE, RICH IN PHOSPHATES AND NOT A CHEAP, ALCOHOLIC DRINK. ☜I Highly recommended by Chemists and Physicians as

A POSITIVE TONIC, ALWAYS ACCEPTABLE AND RELIABLE,

as it does not stimulate the brain or irritate the system and leave deleterious effects. On the contrary, it furnishes just that which is necessary to the brain, strengthens and quiets the nerves, ignites the heart's blood, and thereby makes only the best flesh, bone and muscle. IT IS works wonders, curing NERVOUS and GENERAL DEBILITY, MALARIA, DYSPEPSIA, INSOMNIA. Produces a healthy action of the Liver and Kidneys, fortifying the system against the miasmatic influences, and will be found invaluable in all pulmonary and bronchial difficulties. DELICATE FEMALES, NURSING MOTHERS and WEAKLY CHILDREN can find in remedy equal to this healthful blood and nerve food tonic. ☞For sale by all Druggists. $1.00 per bottle. Prepared only by

WHEAT BITTERS CO.,
Office 19 Park Place, New York City.

apl-cowy

HEART TROUBLES!

ONE IN THREE HAVE THEM

And think the Kidneys or Liver are at Fault.

HYPERTROPHY, or enlargement of the Ventricles. *Dr. Grand Heart Regulator has good record.*
PERICARDITIC, or inflammation of the heart case. *Dr. Grand Heart Regulator cures the disease.*
WATER in the heart case. Accompanied [illegible]. *Dr. Grand Heart Regulator—it acts promptly.*
SOFTENING of the Heart, (very common) PALPITATION. *Dr. Grand Heart Regulator does immediate result.*
ANGINA PECTORIS, or Neuralgia of the Heart. *Dr. Grand Heart Regulator stops in a minute.*

☞A Startling Fact! Heart troubles in the aggregate are heavier only to consumption in fatality—Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator is a specific. Price $1. per bottle, six bottles for $5. by express. Send stamp for circular, containing testimonials and names of well known people using it.

Or, apr21-4t

HEART DISEASE!

Yours for Health
Lydia E. Pinkham

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S VEGETABLE COMPOUND.

A Sure Cure for all FEMALE WEAKNESSES, Including Leucorrhœa, Irregular and Painful Menstruation, Inflammation and Ulceration of the Womb, Flooding, PAINFUL LAPSUS UTERI, &c.

☞It removes at once the cause, and imparts immediate health to the whole system. It is a great help in pregnancy, and relieves pain during labor and at regular periods.

☞It dissolves tumors from the uterus in an early stage of development, and checks any tendency to cancerous humors. There is not a symptom of the generative organs of either sex in a state of disease or irritation that does not yield to its curative influence. It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

☞For all the weaknesses of the generative organs of either sex it is unequaled. It will remove faintness, flatulency, destroy all craving for stimulants, and relieve weakness of the stomach. It cures Bloating, Headaches, Nervous Prostration, General Debility, Sleeplessness, Depression and Indigestion.

☞That feeling of bearing down, causing pain, weight and backache, is always permanently cured by its use. It will at all times and under all circumstances act in harmony with the laws that govern the female system.

☞For the cure of Kidney Complaints of either sex this Compound is unsurpassed.

LYDIA E. PINKHAM'S BLOOD PURIFIER will eradicate every impure humor from the blood at the same time will give tone and strength to the whole system. In fact, it is the best Spring Medicine ever used.

☞Both the Compound and Blood Purifier are prepared at 233 and 235 Western Avenue, Lynn, Mass. Price of either, $1. Six bottles for $5. The Compound is sent by mail in the form of pills, or lozenges, on receipt of price, $1 per box for either. Mrs. Pinkham freely answers all letters of inquiry. Enclose 3 cent stamp. Send for pamphlet. *Xmthon Do't Paper*

☞Lydia E. Pinkham's Liver Pills cure Constipation, Biliousness and all disorders of the Liver. 25 cents.

☞Sold by all Druggists. ☜3 Cowly

SHARP PAINS

Colds, Sciatic, Wrenches, Rheumatism, Neuralgia, Backache, Sciatica, Pleurisy Pains, Stitch in the Side, Slow Circulation of the Blood, Heart Diseases, Sore Muscles, Pains in the Chest, and all pains and aches either local or deep-seated are instantly relieved and speedily cured by the well-known *Hop Plaster* compounded, as it is, of the medicinal virtues of fresh Hops, Gums, Balsams and Extracts. In fact the best pain-killing, stimulating, soothing and strengthening Plaster ever made. Ask for the *Hop Plaster* at any drug store. Price 25 cents or five for $1. Hop Plaster Co., Proprietors, Boston, Mass.

CARTER, HARRIS & HAWLEY, Gen'l Ag'ts, Boston, Mass.

HOP PLASTER

a14 Cowly (1)

Rejoice, rejoice, "He is alive again." "Was lost, but is found."

UNDER date of July 9, 1882, Mr. E. B. BRIGHT, [illegible], writes a plain, modest narrative, which, from its very simplicity, has the true ring of fine gold. He says:—

"My father is using Hunt's Remedy and seems to be improving, in fact, he is very much better than he has been for a long time. He had been tapped three times. The first time they got from him sixteen quarts of water, the second time thirteen quarts, and fifty as much more the third time, and he would constantly fill up again every time after he had been tapped, until he commenced using Hunt's Remedy, which acted like magic in his case, as he began to improve at once, and now his watery accumulation passes away through the secretions naturally, and he has none of that swelling or filling up which was so frequent before the functions of the kidneys were restored by the use of Hunt's Remedy. He is a well-known citizen of this place, and has always been in business here."

Again he writes, Nov. 27, 1882,—

"I beg most cheerfully and truthfully to state, in regard to Hunt's Remedy, that its use was the saving of my father's life. I spoke to you in my previous letter in regard to his being tapped three times. It is the most remarkable case that has ever been heard of in this section. For a man of his age (sixty years) it is a most remarkable cure. He had been unable to attend to his business more than a year, and was given up by the doctors.

"The first bottle of Hunt's Remedy that he used gave instant relief. He has used in all seven bottles, and continues to use it whenever he feels drowsy or sluggish, and it affords instant relief. He is now attending to his regular business, and has been several months. I am perfectly willing that you should publish this letter, as we thoroughly believe that father's life was saved by using Hunt's Remedy; and these facts given above may be a benefit to others suffering in like manner from diseases or inaction of the Kidneys and Liver."

Oyl-cow-26t

Self-Cleaning Stables.

CLEAN cows, clean milk, and then may come pure butter. The self-cleaning, wrought-iron cow chain, invented by Prof E. W. Stewart, keeps cows clean; will save its cost in labor; saves all bedding; saves all the manure; lasts a lifetime, and never gets out of repair. It has now been in use another year in many stables, and gives universal satisfaction. For Circular, address

ALVAN STEWART,
Lake View, Erie Co., N. Y.

apl4-cow2t

EGGS

from all varieties of Poultry, Circulars free. Send P.C. for New Book on Poultry. OAK LANE, Beichertown Mass. jan27-cow9t

READ AND RUN.

—In Berlin and Vienna, no one speaks of a hostile movement against France, but a war with Russia is thought to be a question of time only.

—The bill introduced by Sir John Macdonald, the Canadian premier, into the Dominion parliament, makes an uniform franchise throughout the Dominion.

—Howell's "The Sleeping Car," is described by the literary critic of the Boston Advertiser as a "little farce, in which a silly woman keeps all the passengers awake by her insane talk and loud voice."

—Daniel Curley, the second one of the accused in the Phenix Park murders, was convicted and sentenced to be hanged on the 18th of May.

—The annual session of the Grand Division of Sons of Temperance of Massachusetts was held in this city last week.

—Five hundred dwelling houses, besides a number of business buildings, were destroyed by fire in a Russian town whose name none of us could pronounce, one day last week.

—A motion in favor of an immediate reform of local taxation throughout England was negatived in the British House of Commons by the very close vote of 217 to 209.

—A Livewison report has it that Maine lumbermen are not coming out of the woods a sort of "spruce gum color."

—The American National Academy of Sciences is pronounced fully the equal of the Royal Society, of the French Institute, and of the Berlin Academy.

—The New York Court of Appeals has handed down a decision affirming the constitutionality of the jury law of that State.

— Boston is the second city of the Union in the amount of its imports, and the third in the amount of general trade.

— Eighteen Nihilists were convicted, at the recent trial in St. Petersburg, of which number six were sentenced to death.

—There were rumored preparations last week, for blowing up the London Times building with dynamite.

— A member of the Massachusetts House of Representatives said on the floor, in the debate on the repeal of the compulsory vaccination bill, that "small-pox is the salvation of the country."

— The Emperor of Austria is a sufferer from an internal malady, which has compelled him to change his entire mode of life. The physician, however, apprehend no serious results of the disorder.

— Queen Victoria really married a Wettern, and that is her last name and that of her family of children.

— The woman has just died at Wiemar, the widow of Hummel, in her ninetieth year, who rejected Beethoven as a lover, and on whose entire life the act exerted a marked influence.

— The son of John Bright was recently married to a Quaker lady, the marriage ceremony being performed in an Anglican Church with a liturgy. None of the relatives of either bride or groom were Anglicans, and there was hardly a churchman present save the distinguished person, the Canon of Westminster Abbey.

— The New York and New England Railroad will have a double track laid from Boston to Willimantic by November, besides a long stretch of double track beyond.

— A female school teacher in West Virginia was brutally and perhaps fatally pounded by a boy fifteen years old, which is another comment, in its way, on the progress of our civilization.

— The President's party passed last Sunday at Fortress Monroe.

— In anticipation of a possible uprising by the Indians, the Government has made preparations to suppress any outbreak that may occur. Six hundred regulars have been forwarded to Columbia, New Mexico, Arizona, and the Indian Territory.

— A fast train is to be run between Cincinnati and New York, shortening the usual time by seven hours.

— The survivors of the old Massachusetts Sixth Regiment celebrated, on the 19th, the anniversary of the march through Baltimore, by a banquet at the United States Hotel in this city.

— Boston Common has been cleared of all Punch-and-Judy shows, and of all vendors of merchandise. Nobody is left but the telescope man.

— The balance of four cents in the Treasury, unaccounted for, has been reduced to one cent. That is coming pretty close.

— Fifty years hence, said Senator Edmunds of Vermont in a recent speech at an entertainment in that city in his honor, St. Louis will look upon Chicago as a baby.

— A lamp is advertised as specially desirable because its care "occupies but little of a servant's time." Why not speak up and say that the housekeeper herself can take care of it.

— The old parliament house of Quebec, on top of Mountain Hill, was destroyed by fire on Thursday of last week.

— The disclosures made by Lynch alias Norman, in the dynamite trials in London, have been received in Irish revolutionary circles in New York with amazement and great apprehension.

— One thousand acres of woodland were burned over in the towns of Milford and Hopkinton, in this State, on Wednesday of last week, the fire having been accidentally set, in Hopkinton, near the Milford line.

— The President was so reticent in coming out over the bar of St. Augustine, on board the Tallapoosa, that he had to go to bed.

— The new Postmaster-General, Judge Gresham, has decided on the form of the new postal note for the cheap transmission of small sums through the mails. By the 1st of September the chief of the money order division will have orders on sale in all the 6,000 money order offices. The Government will furnish these notes for three cents each for any sum under ten dollars.

— It is noticed that, while thirty cautionary display stations on the Atlantic coast and all the West Indian stations, have been stopped, on the plea of insufficient appropriations, no cutting has been made in the ornamental force of the signal service at Washington.

— The Massachusetts Episcopal Diocesan Convention assembled in this city on Wednesday, at Trinity Church.

— The fashion is for high buildings now. A number of six story buildings are under contract for erection in this city.

— A severe surgical operation was performed upon General Chamberlain at the Massachusetts General Hospital, a few days since, with no present unfavorable results.

— The stories about President's Arthur's seasickness were greatly exaggerated, according to his own accounts, and he was not in any other manner sick during his trip.

— A national bank to be opened in Meriden will be the second one in Mississippi.

— High-license as a system is fast taking the place of prohibition in the West and Northwest.

— The interest in the one-cent trial grows deeper as the trial draws to its close. The character of the verdict is a matter of universal speculation.

— A petition was carried into the House of Commons by four policemen on the 10th inst. in favor of closing public houses on Sundays. It contained very nearly six hundred thousand signatures.

— The harbors of fruit-skins about the sidewalks are specially commended to the attention of the police at this season.

— The accounts make it appear that between one and two hundred lives were lost by the recent cyclone in the South, and that the destruction of property will be very great.

— Gen. Crook has left camp with his forces to proceed against the hostile Apaches. It looks like a war of extermination.

— Fifteen witnesses testified, in the Kelley trial at Dublin, that the prisoner could not have taken any part in the Phœnix Park assassination.

— France has decided to send fifteen hundred soldiers to Torquin, in two sections.

— At the time of the present writing, the condition of Senator Anthony of Rhode Island cannot be said to be improved, and no visitors are allowed to see him.

— The Boston School Committee has appointed a committee to consider the matter of industrial education in schools.

— Sandesu, the French novelist, is dead.

— The Pennsylvania miners are to strike against a reduction of wages, on the 1st of May.

— The Massachusetts House of Representatives has again voted in favor of a sugar beet bounty.

— The Spanish and Cuban cigar makers of New York are on a strike for advanced wages.

—A steamer is to be stationed in Galveston harbor, to watch suspected smuggling vessels.

— The cabinet discussed the subject of dynamite plotting at a recent meeting this week. It is of extreme relates to England.

— The captain and first mate of the American steamer Tropic, which was seized at Philadelphia, on a charge of violating the neutrality laws by conveying arms and insurgents to Hayti, have been held for examination.

— The conclusion of the Jeannette board of inquiry will not be disturbed, the Secretary of the Navy having approved the supplemental report.

— It is by no means certain that there will be no opposition in the New Hampshire legislature to the lease of the Eastern Railroad to the Boston and Maine.

FROM THE OLD WORLD.

From the great London (Eng.) Times.

Among the many specifics introduced to the public for the cure of dyspepsia, indigestion, derangements of various kinds, and as a general family medicine, none have met with such genuine appreciation as Hop Bitters. Introduced to this country but a comparatively short time since, to meet the great demand for a pure, safe and perfect family medicine, they have rapidly increased in favor, until they are, without question, the most popular and valuable medicine known. Its world-wide renown is not due to the advertising it has received; it is famous by reason of its inherent virtues. It does all that is claimed for it. It discharges its curative powers without any of the evil effects of other bitters or medicine, being perfectly safe and harmless for the most frail woman, smallest child, and weakest invalid to use. Few are the homes indeed where the great discovery has not already been hailed as a deliverer and welcomed as a friend. It does what others affect to do. Composed of simple materials, it is a marvel of delicate and successful combination. Nothing is wanting. Every ingredient goes straight to the mark at which it is aimed, and never fails. Pleasant to the palate, agreeable to the stomach, and thoroughly effective as a cure, it has won for itself the confidence of all.—*Times*, London, Eng.

A Few Unsolicited Letters from Thousands Received.

Feb. 9, 1882.

I have tried experiments on myself and others with Hop Bitters, and can easily recommend them as a pleasant and efficacious medicine. I have found them specially useful in cases of *congestion* of the *kidneys*, as well as in *Bilious derangements*.

Rev. J. MILNER, M. A.,
Rector to the Duke of Edinburgh.

U. S. Consulate, MANCHESTER, ENG., Nov. 8, 1882.

Gentlemen:—Since writing you of the great benefit I had derived from taking "Hop Bitters," I gave a friend a bottle, who had been suffering much from dyspepsia and sluggish liver, and the change was marvellous; he appeared another being altogether. He had tried several other remedies without any benefit. I could name over a dozen other miraculous cures. ARTHUR C. HALL, Consular Clerk.

LONDON, ENG., Sept. 1, 1882.

"I am pleased to testify to the good effects of your "Hop Bitters." Have been suffering a long time with severe pain in the left side and across the loins, and having tried a number of so called remedies without any benefit, I am glad to acknowledge the great relief I have obtained from your medicine.

CHARLES WATSON.

COLCHESTER, ENG., Aug. 18, 1882.

Gentlemen:—I was troubled with a very bad form of indigestion for a long time, and tried many things in vain until I got some "Hop Bitters," and on taking was quite cured, and remain so till this time. It is now three months ago since I was bad.

F. BELL.

From Rev. J. C. BOYCE, M. A. Oct. 30, 1882.

Dear Sirs:—I have lately finished my first bottle of "Hop Bitters." After having for many years suffered acutely from *rheumatic gout* (inherited) I feel so much better, and can walk so much more freely, should like to continue the use of it. I write to ask how many bottles you will let me have for £1 so that I may always have some in stock.

From Old Ireland.

Hop Bitters Co. DUBLIN, Nov. 22, 1882.

Gentlemen:—You may be interested to learn that one of the most eminent judges on the Irish bench (a customer of mine) highly approves of your Hop Bitters, having received great benefit from their use.

T. T. HOLMES, Chemist.

ALEXANDRIA PALACE,
LONDON, ENG., April 18, 1882.

I find Hop Bitters a most wonderful medical combination healthful, blood-purifying and strengthening. I can, from analysis as well as from medical knowledge, highly recommend them as a valuable family medicine.

BARBARA WALLACE GOTHARD, Supt.

LONDON, ENG., Feb. 1, 1882.

Gentlemen:—For years I have been a sufferer from *kidney complaint*, and from using your Hop Bitters am entirely cured, and can recommend them to all suffering from such disease.

WILLIAM HARRIS.

SHEFFIELD, ENG., June 7, 1882.

SIR:—Having suffered from extreme *nervous debility for four years*, and having tried all kinds of medicine and change of scene and air without deriving any benefit whatever, I was persuaded by a friend to try Hop Bitters, and the effect, I am happy to say, was most marvellous. Under these circumstances I feel it my duty to give this testimonial for the benefit of others, as I may say I am now entirely well; therefore I can justly and with confidence give personal testimonial to any one wishing to call upon me. Yours truly, HENRY HALL.

NORWICH, ENG., June 20, 1882.

To the Hop Bitters Co.

Gentlemen:—Having suffered many years from biliousness, accompanied with sickness and dreadful headache (being greatly fatigued with overwork and long hours at business), I lost all energy, strength and appetite, I was advised by a friend in whom I had seen such beneficial effects to try Hop Bitters, and a few bottles have quite altered and restored me to better health than ever. I have also recommended it to other friends, and am pleased to add with the like result. Every claim you make for it I can fully endorse, and recommend it as an incomparable tonic. Yours faithfully,

S. W. FITT.

From Germany.

KATZENBACHBOF, GERMANY, Aug. 28, 1881.

Hop Bitters Co.

Dear Sirs:—I have taken your most precious essence Hop Bitters—and I can already, after so short a time, assure you that I feel much better than I have felt for months.

I have had, during the course of four years, three times an inflammation of the kidneys. The last, in January, 1880, was the worst; and I took a lot of medicine to cure the same, in consequence of which my stomach got terribly weakened. I suffered from enormous pains, had to bear great torments when taking nourishment, had sleep ess nights, but none of the medicines I took was able to ease me. Now, in consequence of taking Hop Bitters, these pains and inconveniences have entirely left me, I have a good night's rest, and am sufficiently strong thereof for work, while I always had to lay down during the day, and this almost every hour. I shall think it my duty to recommend the Bitters to all who suffer, for I am sure I cannot thank the Lord enough that I came across your preparation, and I hope He will maintain you a long time to come for the welfare of suffering mankind. Yours very truly,

PAULINE HAUSER, Seamstress.

From Portugal and Spain.

Gentlemen:—Though not in the habit of praising patent medicines, which for the most part are not only useless but injurious, I have constantly used Hop Bitters in my family for the last three years in cases of indigestion, debility, feebleness of constitution and in all diseases caused by nervous irritation, want of air and exercise, overwork and want of appetite, with the most perfect success.

I have first-hand testimonial of your Hop Bitters in Portugal and Spain, where they are now used very extensively. Yours very truly,

BARON DE FONTE BELLA.

Professor de chemie et de Pharmacie, Coimbra university, Coimbra Portugal. apr28-1t

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DRUGGISTS KEEP IT EVERYWHERE.

oct28

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It checks falling of the hair, and stimulates a weak and sickly growth to vigor. It prevents and cures scurf and dandruff, and heals nearly every disease peculiar to the scalp. As a Ladies' Hair Dressing, the Vigor is unequalled; it contains neither oil nor dye, renders the hair soft, glossy, and silken in appearance, and imparts a delicate, agreeable, and lasting perfume.

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MRS. O. A. PRESCOTT, writing from *16 Elm St., Worcester, Mass., April 14, 1882*, says: "Two years ago about two-thirds of my hair came off. It thinned very rapidly, and I was fast growing bald. On using AYER'S HAIR VIGOR the falling stopped and a new growth commenced, and in about a month my head was completely covered with short hair. It has continued to grow, and is now as good as before it fell. I regularly used but one bottle of the VIGOR, but now use it occasionally as a dressing."

We have hundreds of similar testimonials to the efficacy of AYER'S HAIR VIGOR. It needs but a trial to convince the most skeptical of its value.

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Dr. J. C. Ayer & Co., Lowell, Mass.

Sold by all Druggists.

WASH BUGGIES, Whitmans Fountain Pumps, sized to any position. Send for large Illustrated Circular. Jas. J. A. Whitman, Providence, R. I. mh17-17t

Stow's Bi-Centennial.

—The inhabitants of the pleasant and prosperous town of Stow, Mass., propose to celebrate the two hundredth anniversary of the town's existence on the 16th of May, the necessary preparations having been for some months in the hands of appropriate committees. The occasion is expected to be a memorable one, and therefore full of enjoyment. Gen. John L. Swift of Boston is to be the orator, and a poem will be read by a lady native of the town, its author. A dinner, with the usual accompaniment of music and speech making, will wind up the social and intellectual feast. Stow lies some thirty miles westerly from Boston in Middlesex County, and is reached by the Marlborough Branch Railroad, which passes through Rockbottom, one of the town post offices. Its population by the last census was a little over one thousand. It is a farming town, generally, the only other industries being boot and shoe making, and the manufacture of woolens. The Indian name of the town was Pompossetticutt. Slices have been repeatedly taken from it to form other towns, in which respect it has always been generous. It deserves a stirring celebration of its advanced anniversary.

Hayti in Confusion.—It is nothing new to hear of rebellion breaking out in Hayti; in fact, rebellion is chronic there. The island is described as in a deplorable condition under Salomon. The rights of the people amount to nothing. Men are arrested on the slightest pretexts and are led out and shot without trial. Two men—named Barclay and Borlon—have returned to the island to overthrow Salomon or die in the attempt. They landed at Miragoane, took possession of the town, barricaded with barrels of rand the roads leading out of it, and stationed sharpshooters behind the barricade. At last accounts, the government had made no attack on the revolutionists, while there is an uprising on the south side of the island in sympathy with them.

—The German Emperor's message to the Reichstag, or legislature, for the relief of the working classes, is asserted to have been inspired by distrust of the existing government in France. Much uneasiness is reported to have been caused in official circles in England, in consequence of the military rumors from Germany which are said to be associated with the imperial message.

—The Geneva council has issued a proclamation, reiterating its former decree forbidding a Romish bishop to officiate at the see of Geneva and Lausanne, and declaring that it will defend the country against the encroachments of the church of Rome.

☞ Webster defines a propagandist as "a person who devotes himself to the spread of any system of principles." This is an appellation properly belonging to Mr. E. Ingalls, of Concord, N. H., the proprietor of Dr. Graves' Heart Regulator. Mr. Ingalls devotes his time and money to spreading facts before the people relative to the efficacy of this Regulator. Facts are stubborn things, and there seems to be no doubt that this Regulator is, indeed, a certain cure for heart troubles, sleeplessness, and nervous prostration.—[Atlanta Press.

— General Sherman does not anticipate any serious trouble from the Indians this year, either in Arizona or Oregon.

☞ "The alphabet is the key which unlocks the store-house of knowledge," says an exchange. Wheat Bitters is both key and storehouse. It is an incomparable medical preparation, combining all the curative agents used in the treatment of Bright's Disease, Liver troubles and general debility.

— The grand jury of the District of Columbia has returned indictments against William Pitt Kellogg, formerly United States Senator, from Louisiana, and Thomas J. Brady, formerly second assistant postmaster-general, for receiving money while in office for services rendered in relation to a contract with the United States.

☞ Dismond Dyes are so perfect and so beautiful that it is a pleasure to use them Equally good for dark or light colors. 10 cents.

— Professor Marsh of Yale has been elected President of the National Academy of Sciences in place of President Rogers, deceased.

☞ Ayer's Hair Vigor stimulates the hair cells to healthy action, and promotes a vigorous growth. It contains all that can be supplied to make the natural hair beautiful and abundant; keeps the scalp free from dandruff, prevents the hair from becoming dry and harsh, and makes it flexible and glossy.

—The Chicago, Burlington and Quincy Railroad Company has purchased of Jay Gould the control of the Hannibal and St. Joseph Railroad.

"First a cough, carried me off,
And then a coffin there carried me off in!"

This will not be your epitaph if you take your cough and Dr. R. V. Pierce's "Golden Medical Discovery" in time. For full particulars address lungs, spitting of blood, night-sweats, and the early stages of consumption. By all druggists.

— The new Brooklyn Bridge will be formally opened to the public on the 24th proximo.

☞ Agents can grasp a fortune. Outfit worth $10 sent free. For full particulars address E. G. RIDOUT & Co., 10 Barclay St. N. Y. nov12 52t

Wanted,

A YANKEE woman of mature years, a good housekeeper, who wants a home, but not a husband, to do the work on a small Farm for a family of three.

Will exchange references.

HARRISON,
Box 829,
Worcester, Mass.

apr28-2t

Administrator's Sale of Real Estate

Will be sold at Public Auction on Monday, the 14th day of May next, at 4 o'clock P. M., a Farm containing about 40 acres of land, with the buildings thereon, situated in the northwesterly part of Acton, and known as the Simon Robbins place, and will be sold on the premises.

DANIEL WETHERBEE,
Administrator.

apr28-3w

Farm for Sale.

About sixty acres Village, Pasture and wood land, newly painted and blinded, house attached; Piazza, barn and outbuildings, all in good repair. Plenty of fruit of all kinds; berries, etc.; twelve miles from Boston. Terms easy. For further particulars, see owner on premises. GEORGE L. BINNEY, Randolph, Mass., P. O. Box 224. apr28-4t

The Famous Thorough-bred Stallion and Race Horse GLASGOW,

Will make the season of 1883 at my stable, limited number of approved mares at $25.00 cash, payable at time of service.

PEDIGREE AND DESCRIPTION

GLASGOW is a fine chestnut, with plenty of quality, and of great substance; he was foaled 1873; stands 16¼ hands, was sir of by WAR ADVANCE, dam IDA DICKEY by JOE STONER; 2nd dam a DAUGHTER of imported GLENCOE; 3d dam MERRILL by W AGNES; 4th dam imported CHEAP by GLAUCUS; 5th dam CHRISTOBEL by WOFUL, etc. (*See American Stud Book Vol. I, pg. 76.*) WAR DANCE by LEXINGTON, dam REEL by imported GLENCOE. (*See American Stud Book Vol. II, pg. 240.*) HIS DAM SIR STONER, dam was by WAGNER; dam MOLLIE CAMPBELL by imported GLENCOE; 2d dam by MEDINA. By BERTRAND, 3d dam DIRECTRESS by DIRECTOR, etc., etc. (See American Stud Book Vol. II pg. 70.)

It seems quite unnecessary to enlarge further upon this ped gree which is certainly one of the best to be found in America.

For further particulars apply to

MR. J. H. NAY,
Headville Race Course,
Boston, Mass.

until April 27th, after which time, at the farm of C. CHOATE, ESQ., Southboro', Mass. apr7-1f

STALLION FOR SALE.

Diamond, sired by Commonwealth; record 2.21¼; dam sired by Young Merrill. He is a handsome dark bay, very stylish, perfectly sound and kind; color bright mahogany; has not been trained for speed; has been kept for a stock horse. Will sell for five hundred dollars. Diamond and some of his stock can be seen at the farm of

GEORGE H. BARKER,
Littleton, Mass.

apr21-2t

JERSEY BULL FOR SALE.

ELKORNAH J. H. B. 4401, sired by Statesman J. H. B. 2407, Dam Dolly Hughes 7466. Dolly Hughes (dam of Elkornah) was imported by W. H. S. Hughes of New York July 1, 1879, and has a milk record of 45 lbs per day. Elkornah is rapidly filling the fast one used by Ayer's Hair Vigor, and so have been able to maintain an appearance of youthfulness—a matter of considerable consequence to ministers, orators, actors, and in fact every one who lives in the eyes of the public."

Berkshire Pigs.—Silk Fish Lines. Pure Berkshire Pigs, all ages. First-class *Berkshires*, *Mass., April 14, 1882*, says: "Two years ago about two-thirds of my hair came off. It thinned very rapidly, and I was fast growing bald. On using AYER'S HAIR VIGOR the falling stopped and a new growth commenced, and in about a month my head was completely covered with short hair. It has continued to grow, and is now as good as before it fell. I regularly used but one bottle of the VIGOR, but now use it occasionally as a dressing."

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J. W. BOWEN, proprietor of the *McArthur (Ohio) Enquirer*, says: "AYER'S HAIR VIGOR is a most excellent preparation for the hair. I speak of it from my own experience. Its use promotes the growth of new hair, and makes it glossy and soft. The VIGOR is also a sure cure for dandruff. Not within my knowledge has the preparation ever failed to give entire satisfaction."

MR. ANGUS FAIRBAIRN, leader of the celebrated "Fairbairn Family" of Scottish Vocalists, writes from *Boston, Mass., Feb. 6, 1880*: "Ever since my hair began to give silvery evidence of the change which fleeting time procureth, I have used AYER'S HAIR VIGOR, and so have been able to maintain an appearance of youthfulness—a matter of considerable consequence to ministers, orators, actors, and in fact every one who lives in the eyes of the public."

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STEARNS' AMMON

The Poet's Corner.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

TO THE FIRST BLUE BIRD.

BY ELIZA F. MOHIARTY.

Blithe visitant! from earth arise!
Soar swiftly through the airy blue,
And seek the way to paradise,
On wings still wet with morning dew.

O, sing a strain so sweet, so rare,
Its golden gates will ope to thee,
And my beloved ones dwelling there,
Some message may send back to me.

Upon the glory close thine eyes,
Lest thou should'st lose one word divine,
These blessed souls in paradise,
May send this exiled soul of mine.

O, blue-bird! blue-bird! fly away—
And I will wait on bended knee,
Till ringing down the halls of day
Hear thy heaven-caught ecstasy.

And thou wilt chant that message blest
Through all my soul sweet-echoing,
Ere couched in soft elysian rest,
From thy celestial journeying.

Blithe bird! from earth's brown breast arise,
And soar aloft on pinion free,—
From my beloved ones in the skies
Some message bring to comfort me!

Roxbury, 1883.

Ladies' Department.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman

JULIA'S CHOICE,

—OR—

WHEN NOT TO OBEY.

"Don't you be satisfied with being nothing but a farmer, Alfred, my son. A farmer, ugh! no young man of any spirit will be content to settle down to the dull, stupid, unpopular life of a farmer. Set your mark higher, my son."

"I wonder what Caleb is going to make of himself. I suppose a doctor, or lawyer, or something of that kind. He likes books and I don't."

"I don't want you to, my son. Merchants are the great men now-a-days. They are rich, and their wives and families dress like queens, and live in great style. Think how we might have lived if your father had been a merchant instead of a farmer. Ugh! I hate a farm and all there is about it."

"Caleb says if his father had lived he would have been a farmer. He thinks there is nothing like it."

"Let him think so, Alfred. But do you look higher. I spoke to your uncle to find a place for you in some store in the city, and you know how Abbot Lawrence and hundreds of others became rich and prosperous from poor clerks as they were when they began, and you may do so too. Then you can hope to get a lady for a wife, for what lady will marry a farmer? I want to see my son be somebody in the world. How happy I should be to have you drive out here to the old farm with your wife, a fine lady. But I hope your father will be induced to sell the old farm after a few years and live in the village among folks, so we can be somebody in our old age at least."

"Caleb is always talking about what a charming place this is, when he is home from college."

"Well, let him; he hasn't a very aspiring mind. He lacks ambition. Any body can see that, for he is always carried away with vulgar notions. He will spend hours watching the lambs racing round in the pasture, or take great interest in retting down with the chickens and young turkeys around him. Then he's in love with the trees and the wild flowers; anything — weeds, rocks, woods, any such common things, take his fancy. He never'll amount to much, no matter how much learning he may get. Your father says he won't have much money left when he gets through college. Your father has one good trait. He knows enough to feather his own nest while taking care of other folks property. So I hope we shall both be able to leave the old farm some day."

All the hopes and aspirations of Mrs Thurber were realized in a shorter time than she dared to hope for. Her brother succeeded in getting Alfred into a very good position in a large store in the city, and, yielding finally to her importuni y, Mr. Thurber consented to let the old farm and move into the village with his wife and daughters.

Caleb mentioned above was the son of a distant relative of Mrs. Thurber, a lawyer of considerable wealth. The father and mother both died when Caleb was about twelve years old, and Mr. Thurber became his guardian, and took him into his own family. The father had expressed the wish that if Caleb showed an inclination to books that he should be sent to college, then left free to choose whatever pursuit he might like.

Perhaps no more of the young man's patrimony stuck to the fingers of Mr. Thurber than the law would allow; but certain it is, he was sure to make the most he could out of the funds entrusted to his hands, and the ingenuity of his wife not unfrequently aided him in adding some dollars to the yearly claim.

The next year Caleb went to college the farm was let and the family removed to the village, a prosperous place of wealth and enterprise, and quite given to aristocra ic notions and ambitions of city ways and styles. The first year the farm was let for $250. The second year it had to be let to a new tenant, as the first moved West, content with having made the most he could from the place. The second year it was rented for $175, so badly was everything about the place left out of repair and at loose ends. The farm fared but little better the second and third year, and at the end of that time a new tenant had to be found, who refused to give over $150 a year and put in repair what was left dilapidated by his predecessors. This sum was not very much more than the taxes, which had increased while the rent had decreased.

Alfred had meanwhile greatly prospered. He had gained the confidence and esteem of his employers and been advanced, till he held a prominent place in the large establishment with a good salary. His mother's brightest visions were even more than realized. He had become a city gentleman far, far, above any luckless, low-minded wight who was content to be a farmer. He dressed in the highest style, and his lofty, genteel ways were the delight of his mother, and one holiday a fine carriage drove up to Mr. Thurber's door and Alfred stepped out and handed out a young lady dressed like himself, in the very pink and blossom of fashion. His mother's heart was full. Her ambition was just about satisfied as her son introduced to her "Miss Hawkinson," the daughter of one of his wealthy employers.

Meanwhile the orphan Caleb had graduated from college, but what were college honors compared to the city triumphs of Alfred's. He had been wont in days past to consider Caleb as his superior, but he now scarcely deigned to notice him. Caleb held to his love of those things which Alfred's mother considered vulgar. He had expected to find himself the possessor of many more hundreds than was turned over to him when he had attained his majority, which was very soon after he graduated from college. He supposed everything just and generous had been done and in fact, only what was claimed to be right, though the sum was large—was allowed to the estate. Caleb's account, had it been more carefully and strictly looked into would have been found to have many charges of items that it would have been hard for the guardian to account for satisfactorily.

However, Caleb was disposed to take, quitly what was passed over to him and make the best of it. His superior scholarship at once opened to him an excellent opportunity as a teacher, which he at once accepted; though had he been possessed of the funds he had supposed himself entitled to, he designed to have given himself to agricultural pursuits at once. But our disappointments and the breaking in upon our plans by a wise providence, who knows far better what is most suitable for us than we ourselves do, prove, if we accept the way open to us with unfaltering trust, our highest good.

With this feeling Caleb accepted the position offered him, and for three years gave himself to the duties of a teacher in a high school. His salary the first year was moderate; but when his capacity and ability became known, his compensation was made even generous—greater than he had anticipated.

With the people of Thornville, success was the highest virtue; or if not a virtue, it stood in their minds as of greater value than what silly people called virtue, morality, or culture. Alfred Thurber was spoken of everywhere as a model for young men. "He was a lucky fellow;" in Thornville parlance and smiles, and marks of respect were showered upon him from all whom he deigned to notice. The proud heart of his mother was full to overflowing. Her ambition knew no bounds. Her eldest daughter Lucy was soon engaged to one of the clerks in the same establishment with Alfred. He was very like Alfred; dashy, fine-looking and genteel in manners.

Lucy was much like her mother, ambitious and fond of show and parade, and when her marriage took place, it was made a very notable affair—and she went to grace a fine city home.

But the next daughter Julia was a very different girl. Her beauty was less striking, but yet vastly more attractive to any who could feel the power of real excellence, beauty and sweetness combined. Her mother felt she was a trump card in her hands, and resolved that he who received the hand of Julia, should be a king of wealth and popularity, who should add to her own qualities and importance in the eyes of the world.

But in this she was destined to a great disappointment just as her hopes were on the point of realization. Alfred and his wife came one day from the city, in their usual style with a driver and span, and with them came a gentleman whom it will hardly do to call young, though some years this side of forty. He was a distant relation of Alfred's wife and a member of a great firm in New York City, which was among the leading banking houses of that city. He was tall, slightly bald, but fine looking, courtly in his manners and address, and intelligent in the ways of the world.

He was looked upon by the family and the people of Thornville, for he spent several days there, as quite a lion. The very thing which Mrs. Thurber desired did occur; Mr. Huribut fell deeply in love with Julia, but incredible to relate, Julia was as cold and distant toward him as though it were impossible for her heart ever to feel the soft passion of love. Her mother bore it for a time in silence but when she saw no signs of the giving away of the icy fetters which seemed to hold her heart and soul she took her to task, and demanded to know what she could mean by such conduct, Julia made no reply till she had gone to her private desk and took therefrom a letter, and handed it to her mother to read; as she glanced at the name of the writer and ran her eye over the contents her countenance changed, her face became red, and the fire flashed from her eye.

"Julia!" she exclaimed, "what do you mean by holding correspondence with one so much beneath you?"

"You have not always thought him so, mother."

"Well, you know child, that affairs with us have changed within a few years, and though Caleb is well enough in his place I will teach him better than to aspire to the hand of a daughter of mine."

"You will do no such thing mother, said Julia, calmly looking her mother full in the face."

"Do you mean to intimate to me that you are going to refuse the suit of Mr. Huribert and accept this worthless boy Caleb?"

"I do not intimate only, mother, but I will say plainly I shall never accept any intimacy from Mr. Huribert of whom I know no hurt, but Caleb has my heart now, and has ever since I knew I had a heart made to love."

"You silly, foolish girl, I command you at once to put a stop to all such silly notions; I will have none of it." "Mr. Huribert is just the match I have been hoping for you, and I am not going to be disappointed by any silly notions of yours."

"Mother!" "did you marry father because your mother loved him, or took a fancy to him, or because you loved him?"

"That is no matter of yours, it is your duty to obey your mother who knows what is best for you, a great deal better than you, a girl of eighteen."

"I expect to live with the man I choose for my husband, and not you. You had your choice of a man and I expect the same privilege myself. If there is anything to be said against the character of the one I choose it is my duty to listen to you, as my mother, but in nothing else, and you have no right to dictate or interfere further."

"Julia Thurber! I am astonished and pained to the heart's core to hear you talk so. Just see what a life you turn your back on in refusing Mr. Huribert, and what a sad fate you choose for yourself, in accepting so simple and worthless a character as Caleb Thornton."

"That, mother, is your estimation of the two men, and the two positions not mine."

"Just look at the two families, sister Lucy, and the society she moves in, and the style she lives in. I should think you would be ashamed to bring such disgrace on your brother and sister, as to condescend to marry a man whose highest ambition is to be a farmer. Julia Thurber a farmer's wife, just think of the degradation and disgrace to the family, Julia."

Mother, it is wholly useless for us to talk further upon this subject, I prefer to obey the dictates of my own heart if there is nothing against Caleb Thornton, only that he proposes to become a farmer, than even you (for the son of a Berlin millionaire. This the abbe, who had been partially in M. Archsimbault's confidence, took to mean that the recent alarming failure of certain great Parisian bankers had so far imperiled the Strasburg house that failure would only be averted by this marriage. For Marie's *dot* had been a temporary stop-gap, and the young German was more than ready to marry her without it; in fact, to make any arrangements M. Archsimbault pleased.

But the abbe did not understand the banker's postscript, which assumed Marie's consent, and announced the arrival of M. le pretendu as immediate. "He wishes to have his first interview with Marie alone," wrote M. Archsimbault. "Request my sister that it may be."

It was necessary for the abbe to break the ice. The roses on the carpet did not help him. At last he blurted out:

"This gentleman arrives to-day."

"Let him arrive." Mlle. Archsimbault leaned back in her chair, folded her arms lightly across her bosom, and looked—in the neat black dress she was still wearing as mourning, not only for the young nephew "murdered by the Prussians," but for tortured, subdued, enslaved Strasburg—as grim and forbidding as a prison portcullis. "Let him arrive. He will not see me."

"No," said the Abbe, quietly. "Your brother desires that he shall see Marie alone."

No spell thrown into the beautiful cry when beleaguered by her victorious foes could have produced a sharper effect. Mlle. Archsimbault gasped, paled, choked, took up her fan, then dropped it, and burst into tears.

"That is all right," thought the abbe, cheerfully. "When once they begin to cry, they give in." Then he gave her time to "have her cry out," and, walking to the window, gazed out where the town lay spread out around the proud cathedral, whose lofty spire seemed still stretching skyward—the beloved city, now all patches and props like some wounded human being. But mademoiselle wept on, and he came back into the stately room, thinking how much more unpleasant this was than his usual experiences of the hotel; the evening sparring playing picquet with M. Archsimbault, and teaching the fair, beautiful Marie English. Latterly there had been more English and less picquet; for the banker after losing game after game through inadvertence, would get up and go to his own room, and the abbe, after talking to the fine thoughtful pinches of snuff, would put away the cards and join Marie where she sat at work in the corner with her aunt. They had nearly finished reading "Ivanhoe;" and to-day an unknown knight would appear. How little they had dreamed this!

"Do you not think it would be better to think how we shall break the news to Marie, instead of crying about it?" asked the abbe, gently.

Then as mademoiselle incoherently murmured something about "the shock" and being "totally unnerved," he rang a small silver hand bell.

Two tall satin *porticres* were lifted, and, as if by magic, a footman in the fawn and-crimson Archsimbault livery, with heavy silver shoulder-knots and loops, spotless stockings and freshly powdered hair, stood there awaiting his orders.

"Tell Mlle. Marie —" began the abbe; but the footman stepped aside with a respectful obeisance, and a young girl came in, dressed in white with large bows of black ribbon. She was tall, fair, with serene blue eyes under arched brows, and a soft white skin—more like the Belgian mother who had died shortly after the birth of the twins, Marie and Alphonse, than like the French father and aunt, dark, wiry and determined. Perhaps the beautiful girl's most potent charm was her graceful throat and neck, which deserved the epithet of "swan-like," anciently bestowed upon the celebrated Matilda of Flanders. "Good morning," she began pleasantly. Marie was always glad to see the good-natured, monkey-like face of the abbe, with those stray whisps of hair which never would lie even in right place across his bald head. Then her welcoming expression changed to one of consternation. "*Ma tante!*"—and she went quickly to her kneeling down and exclaimitg, "Papa?"

"Is perfectly well," said the abbe dryly, "your aunt has been crying—about you."

"About—me?" Marie looked perplexed. "Yes. You have received a proposal of marriage.

The aunt clasped her niece's hands, and averted her eyes. A smile flitted across Marie's face—amused, incredulous—as a stray sunbeam flickers upon a wintry landscape. She had rarely smiled since her twin brother's death. "But, *mon pere*, there is no one," she said. Indeed they had led secluded lives since the war—since their terrible loss—at the Hotel Archsimbault.

The abbe cleared his throat. "Yes, there is," he began.

"Do not tell her. I cannot bear it. It is an insult," muttered her aunt.

Marie glanced quickly from one to the other, then she compressed her lips. "Please tell me at once," she said firmly. "Whatever it is, I can bear it. I have known grief."

"I have had a letter from your father this morning, in which he desires me to inform you that he approves of a proposal made for the honor of an alliance with you by a young German."

The abbe repressed the contemptuous term "Prussian," out of respect for the approved aspirant. Still, so strong was the Strasburgian hatred of their present rulers that he felt ashamed when he disclosed the intelligence, and could not bring himself to look Marie in the face. Therefore neither he nor Mlle. Archsimbault, who sat, the image of despair, gazing into vacancy, saw the beautiful blush, the droop of the eyes, the happy smile that dwelt one moment upon the young girl's face—one moment, for it was only a memory. Still the memory softened the "Oh!" with which she greeted the announcement.

"You perceive we have not quite killed her with our intelligence," remarked the abbe to the aunt, somewhat satirically.

"The idea is too preposterous for her to realize," replied the lady indignantly.

"What!—that a German wishes to marry me? Does my father desire the alliance, *mon pere?*"

"I am afraid—I think he does, *ma fille*."

"What is this man—this German—like?"

"Well," the abbe paused, thinking pitifully of the natural curiosity of these daughters of Eve, a curiosity so strong that it seemed to smother their holiest natural impulses—"he is, I suppose, tall," throwing up his arm—"strong"—inflating his chest—"fierce,"—rolling his little eyes—"with a great mustache, red, red as fire."

"No, no, not red—fair!" cried Marie. Then, as her aunt and her confessor stared in astonishment, her head drooped, and a blush mantled even her fair throat with a tinge of pink.

"And he is—an officer." ("At least this will arouse her natural animosity toward her brother's slayers," thought the abbe, himself growing almost annoyed by Marie's unnatural d-meanor).

Marie was silent.

"And his name," continued the abbe, almost sternly, "is Karl Eichmann.'

"Cruel! You have killed her!" cried the aunt, terrified. Marie had risen to her feet, and holding her hands to her breast had staggered away. She leaned against the wall, her eyes closed, pale with the ghastly pallor of a corpse.

"What have I done? Mon Dieu! what have I done!" exclaimed the poor little abbe, wringing his hands. "I can assure you, mademoiselle, my good child, I had no idea—how was I to imagine—"

"You have done nothing," said Marie solemnly, opening her eyes. "How could you know? *Mon pere*—that name was said to me—by my dear brother—the moment before—he died."

An instant's silence. Then the abbe murmured: "This is indeed a mystery."

"A most horrible mystery," sobbed Mlle. Archsimbault. "It is the worst day of my life."

"Compose yourself, my child," said the abbe, hastily. A servant entered and presented a card to Marie on a gilt salver.

"It is Herr Karl Eichmann," said the young girl. Ask Herr Eichmann into the ante-room," she said calmly to the servant; "and when I ring the bell bring him in."

The footman bowed and retired.

"You, my aunt, and you, *mon pere*, had better await us there," (pointing to an adjoining room), "and when you hear me ring this bell twice you will come to me."

"She is right," said the abbe consolingly, offering his arm to Mlle. Archsimbault. And Marie was left alone. From her loving aunt's why, he led the trembling, weeping woman into the adjoining boudoir.

After Marie had carefully closed the big doors upon them, and arranged the portiere, she made a violent effort to compose herself for the coming interview. "Mon Dieu! what can it mean?" she first said, wildly, pushing back her hair from her burning forehead. How well she remembered the events of that awful day, when her twin brother—almost one with herself—her beloved Alphonse—died! He had been brought home to them, dying slowly of some injury to the spine, shortly after the capitulation, and they had endured the slow agony of watching him lie insensible day after day, hour after hour. Two cruel times, when Strasburg lay fettered, the enemy's strong foot upon her neck, dearer than ever to her children in her slavery! Each man, woman and child seemed to bear one link of her heavy chain around their hearts like a crown of thorns, while they silently scorned and shunned their conquerors, and caressed their lost nationality in secret. In mourning just then throughout the churches, creeping thither through the streets where they would be least offended by the sight of those "accursed Prussians." And while the market place was gay, the restaurants full of bright uniforms, the military bands clashing out the latest German waltzes and quick-marches, not one citizen of Strasburg could be seen there. They were pursuing themselves before the altars, and the little chapter of Our Lady of Sorrows in the Cathedral was full of sad kneeling figures from early morning till late night. Here Marie came, here she fled in her anguish, when the doctor told them Alphonse's life was now an affair of hours. It was evening; while the flickering lights of many votive tapers played upon the sad, beautiful face of the Mater Dolorosa in the great picture above her altar, casting strange new expressions across the pained features, the kneeling crowd were in shadow. Marie could faintly distinguish the outline of the Pieta in the corner of the chapel—the great image of Mary with the dead Christ in her lap. She went and prayed; and was rising to return to watch beside the deathbed when she saw a face gazing at her through an aperture in the screen that divided the chapel from the cathedral nave. A man's face, soft, tender; the eyes fixed upon her with such pity, such deep, yearning love that instinctively she moved a step forward. Then she remembered, recoiled, and the face vanished. Was it a comforting vision? Some strange influence passed into her soul; a promise of consolation. Calmed, wondering she went through the darkness and out into the moonlight, unaware of a quick step that followed, till the door shut behind her, a voice said pleadingly,

"Mademoiselle!"

She started, turned. Heaven! she was face to face with a tall officer; the moonlight gleamed on the silver facings of his light blue uniform.

"Monsieur!" she cried, with passionate anger. Then, drawing herself up, she flashed one glance of hatred upon him and fled.

That night Alphonse opened his eyes; he was conscious he smiled upon them. Bending over him, she heard him say those two words, "Karl Eichmann," then he sighed, and his spirit went.

All these things came back to her as she stood irresolute, looking at the card inscribed with that name. At last she nerved herself, and rang the bell.

"Herr Karl Eichmann." Quick foot steps crossed the floor, spurs clanked, a tall figure was there. She stood, her eyes fixed on the floor.

"Mademoiselle!"

"Ah!" The voice, a shudder ing sigh; all color left Marie's cheeks; her lips trembled. This was the man in the pale blue uniform, and his face was the face she saw that night in the cathedral. Bewildered, she shrank back and stammered:

"Sir, there is some mistake. I expected Herr Lieutenant Karl Eichmann."

He smiled. His large blue eyes looked benignant, though his huge moustache fierceness to his face.

"I am he," he said.

"You—but you—you spoke to me—and my brother—"

"Did your brother tell you about me?" he eagerly asked.

"Monsieur, my brother is dead; but he once spoke that name to me."

"Then you do not know that it was I—that saw it—ah! let me tell you mademoiselle," he cried, for Marie turned away; the sight of that hated uniform, the recollection of that night sickened her. "Hear me! It was I that, fighting near to your brother, saw the fragments of a shell strike his horse—saw it rear and throw him. These arms lifted him and carried him from the field. Yes, mademoiselle, his head rested here," (he struck his shoulder), "and if it had not been for me you would never have seen him again alive. I was powerless to save his life, but at least I can lay claim to having prolonged it. Now, will you still turn away as if you could not bear to look at me?"

"You were my brother's enemy—perhaps—even—ah! I cannot bear the thought." She spoke in a hard, choked voice.

"Mademoiselle, I was his friend."

"How could you—a Prussian—be my brother's friend?" She turned upon him in anger; more with herself—for in spite of the fact that this man was a foe hated with a cherished hatred, the same curious influence affected her as in the cathedral. When she looked at the fine face with the frank large eyes and the bronzed, aquiline features, she was attracted, pleased, soothed.

"Why did you not tell me this, then, before?"

"If you remember, mademoiselle, I tried to speak to you, but you would not hear me."

"That was not the way, that was not the time."

"There I take leave to differ from you. I was determined that no one should hear the story of Alphonse's death-blow, except you, from my lips."

"Why?"

"Because, mademoiselle, I love you." He spoke with passionate earnestness. She blushed violently.

"How could you do that, monsieur, when you had never seen me?"

"If I tell you all will you listen? Mademoiselle, Alphonse and I were friends in Paris, just before the war began. He was there, as you know, with his regiment; I to enjoy myself during my leave. How little we knew when we used to talk of you, of the yawning gulf—the battlefield—that would shortly divide us.

"He spoke to you of me?" The tears welled into her eyes.

He drew a little velvet case from his breast, reverently kissed it, and held it toward her. "Perhaps you recognize this?"

"My portrait! The one I gave Alphonse." She was agitated. "Did he give it you? But no; how could he?"

"When I carried him into the tent after the fatal moment he opened his eyes, recognized me, and, feeling feebly in his breast, drew out this, gave it me, and said one word 'Marie!' It was his last effort," added the young man with emotion, "before he fell into that unconscio s state from which he never recovered. I understood that he wished me to place this in your hands."

"And—your name—was the last he said. What did he mean? Oh!" exclaimed the young girl, covering her face with her hands.

"He knew how much I thought of you—how I cared for him—how I had loved your portrait, mademoiselle. He was pleased, he would read me your letters—those sweet, innocent, girlish letters; he would have introduced me to you; but then came the fatal news—the declaration of war. Private friends became public foes."

"Does my father know this?" murmured Marie, behind the screen of her hands.

"No. He knew Alphonse was my friend. And he gave me permission to see you alone. Oh, Marie, listen to me. I have thought of you, felt for you, followed you at a distance watching over you, so long! I knew my only chance was to see you and plead my own cause. A just one," he added almost haughtily. "If these arms are not worthy to hold you—then may they be withered, paralyzed, as I stand here."

"Give me a minute to think," murmured Maria, sinking into a chair, and leaning her head wearily against the back. "Can you not wait—come again?"

"No, mademoiselle." The answer was sudden; fierce, like a shot. "I will either leave you at once or remain."

There was silence. Marie in miserable perplexity—bound to her prejudices, yet her beating heart, her inclination, belying them—tried to think. She thought of Alphonse. Once more she heard the feeble utterance—"Karl Eichmann." Her father, had he not actually sent him here? Then—a Prussian—that hated uniform! The more she reflected the more unreal in she grew.

Suddenly she sprang up. Decision was in her rallying color, her sparkling eyes, her whole demeanor.

"It is all over," thought the brave young soldier. His heart seemed to sink within him; he trembled like a girl; he turned to go, his head sank upon his breast.

The bell sounded hurriedly—once, twice.

Before the second peal was fairly over the doors of the boudoir opened abruptly, the portieres were pushed aside, and two scared, anxious faces looked in the abbe's quaint, ugly face above that of Mlle. Archsimbault, who walked into the room, pale, stern, determined to uphold her niece's brave refusal of this hated Prussian, if need be, to the death.

"Monsieur!" Karl Eichmann started as Marie spoke, gently, tenderly; then, a soft hand stealing into his, he turned in astonishment, to find Marie smiling, almost beaming.

"Ma tante," she said, "and mon bon pere, allow me to introduce to you, Monsieur, my husband."

"I Diable!" cried the abbe, startled into profanity.

"God protect us!" said Mlle. Archsimbault, devoutly, crossing herself as a shield against Prussian witchcraft.

"You are both right," exclaimed the young man, first passionately kissing the fair hand that lay contentedly in his, then saluting them with a stiff, military bow. "You, madame, and you, mon pere—the devil may begin wars, but it is the good God who ends them.—[Whitehall Review.

AN ADVENTURE IN CALABRIA.

[Translated from the French by L. M. R. for The Sunday Republican.]

I was traveling at one time in Calabria—a country of bad people who, I believe, love nobody, and hate the French with a mortal hatred, and a Frenchman who fell into their hands was likely to fare badly. My traveling companion was a young man of 20. The roads in the mountains are very precipitous, and it was with great difficulty that our horses advanced at all. My comrade rode in front and, taking a path which seemed to him shorter and more practicable, we soon found we had lost our way. To return upon our steps, or to find a path that would lead us out of the woods, seemed equally impossible. We sought for one while the day lasted, but the more we sought, the farther we plunged into the depths of the forest, and it was black night, when, at last we arrived at a little house as black. We entered, not without suspicion, but we had no choice.

Within we found a family of charcoal-burners at their supper, which they invited us to share with almost their first words. My companion did not wait for the invitation to be repeated, and in a moment we were eating and drinking with them,—he was, at least; as for myself, I was chiefly occupied in examining the place and the faces of our hosts. They had the appearance of charcoal-burners, but the house might have been taken for an arsenal. On every side were guns, pistols, sabers, knives, cutlasses. All this displeased me, and I saw well that I pleased the people as little. My comrade, on the contrary, made himself one of the family, he laughed, he chatted with them, and with a singular imprudence which I ought to have foreseen—for I had never trusted to a head of 20 years,—he told whence we came, whither we were going, and, worse than all, that we were French men. Imagine a little;—alone, lost, among mortal enemies, far from all human help; and, that nothing might be lacking that could destroy us, he pretended to be rich, and promised these people whatever they wished for our expenses and for a guide the next day! At last he spoke of his valise, prayed them to take the greatest care of it and to place it at the head of his bed. He wished, he said, no other pillow. One would have believed he carried the diamonds of the crown—when what caused him such anxiety is that valise was only the letters of his lady love.

The supper ended, the people all left us. Our hosts slept in a room below; an attic or loft raised six or eight feet above the room in which we had eaten, and to which we climbed by a ladder, was the sleeping apartment that awaited us,—a sort of nest into which we introduced ourselves by creeping under rafters laden with provisions sufficient for an entire year. My companion climbed first, threw himself upon the bed, and was asleep in a moment. Determined to watch, I made a good fire and seated myself by it.

The night wore away very quietly. I was beginning to be reassured and to think my fears and suspicions wholly groundless, when, just before daybreak, as it seemed to me, I heard the voices of our host and his wife in loud talk, apparently arguing. Placing my ear to the chimney, which communicated with the room below, I clearly distinguished these words from the husband:—

"Well, let us see finally, will it be necessary to kill them both?"

To which the wife replied, "Yes, kill them both."

I heard nothing more—I stood breathless—my whole body cold as marble; to have seen me, you would scarcely have known whether I was dead or living. Heavens! when I think of it even now, I shudder. We two, almost without arms, against 15 or 20 who had so many, and my comrade dead with the sleep of fatigue! To call him, to make a sound, I dared not; to escape without him, I could not; besides, though the window was not high, beneath it were two great bull dogs, howling like wolves. Imagine, if you can, the horror of my situation!

At the end of a quarter of an hour, which seemed long enough, I assure you, I heard the sound of steps upon the staircase, and looking through the crack of the door saw the husband, a lamp in one hand, in the other one of his great knives. He ascended the stairs, opened the door, passed the lamp to his wife, who had followed him, then entered with bare feet. Shading the lamp with her fingers, his wife, from without, said to him, "Softly, go softly." He reached the ladder, mounted it with his knife between his teeth, and coming to the head of the bed on which the poor young man was extended unconscious, helpless, offering his bared throat, with one hand he took his knife, with the other he seized. . . . Ah, cousin! I tell this to you because it is the truth. . . . he seized. . . . a great leg of ham that was suspended from a beam, cut a large slice from it, and retired as he had come; the lamp was withdrawn, the door closed, and I left to my own reflections.

As soon as it was daylight the whole family came with a great noise to wake us, as we had desired. A very good breakfast was served to us, I assure you; two fowls made a part of it, one of which, said our hostess, we must eat, and the other we must carry away with us. On seeing them I comprehended at once the meaning of those terrible words, "Will it be necessary to kill them both," and you, I believe, have sufficient penetration to divine without explanation what they signified.

Written expressly for the Massachusetts Ploughman.

THE DIFFERENCE.

BY M. L. EMERSON.

In my garden a rosebush was growing,
When June's softest breezes were blowing,
The sunlight around it was glowing,
And its roses were royally sweet;
O June and its roses were sweet.

But one wandered there in the morning,
With no heed to the queenly adorning,
But cried with a frown and a warning,
"How many and sharp are the thorns;
There is nothing but briers and thorns!"

Another with mien more endearing,
Gathered blossoms and buds without fearing,
And his laughter and words were most cheering,
"Thank God for the beautiful flowers;
For His love in the beautiful flowers."

Boxford.

☞ A really good housekeeper is almost always unhappy. While she does so much for the comfort of others, she nearly ruins her own health and life. It is because she cannot be easy and comfortable when there is the least disorder or dirt to be seen. A fine musician is always pained and made miserable at a slight discord that is not noticed by less trained ears, and a fine housekeeper is just as unhappy as she can be at a little dust or disorder, which the ordinary mortal does not see. These men often wish their house were less perfectly kept, but more peaceful.

☞ Hiram Thomas, the colored headwaiter of the Grand Union, Saratoga, every season, is worth $50,000. He owns a house in New York and a large farm on Long Island, and wears a $1,000 diamond. His fees in a season average $2500.

Anecdotes.

☞ On the boulevard:—"What, you have quarelled with your business man? You were so pleased with him! He took, you said, your interests so much to heart."

"Precisely. At first he took my interest, and he has finished by taking my capital!"

☞ Miss Netherblew—"Will you advise me as to printing and publishing, Mr. Sterreogh? I have a little work ready for the press, but have had no experience."—Gallant publisher—"My dear madam, printing and publishing are very different things. For instance, if I were to print a kiss on your rosy cheek, it is not at all necessary to publish it." Miss Netherblew—"Sir!" Tableau!—[London Punch.

☞ A scissor-grinder was ringing his bell "to grind," when a young man called to him and asked: "Say, can you sharpen everything?" "Yes, eaferytings." "Can you sharpen my wits?" "Your vits? Vell, I guess you haf to go und get a new handle und backspring put in first! I must haf sometings to hang on py!"

☞ A lady who was bitten by a rat while staying at an Atlanta (Ga) hotel, has brought suit for $10,000 damages. If shewins the suit there will be a movement all along the line this season, for if rats bites are worth $10,000 apiece, mosquito bites ought to be worth enough to cancel the summer hotel bills.—[Philadelphia News.

☞ A bachelor and a spinster, who had been schoolmates in youth and were about the same age, met in after years, and the lady chancing to remark that "men live a great deal faster than women," the bachelor replied: "Yes, Maria; the last time we met we were each twenty-four years old; now I'm over forty, and I hear you haven't reached thirty yet." They never met again

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